

AME Q
HV
6097
SUBX
Vol. 6
No. 7-8

SOUTHPOINT 93 Magazine

SHOULD WE LEGALIZE DRUGS?

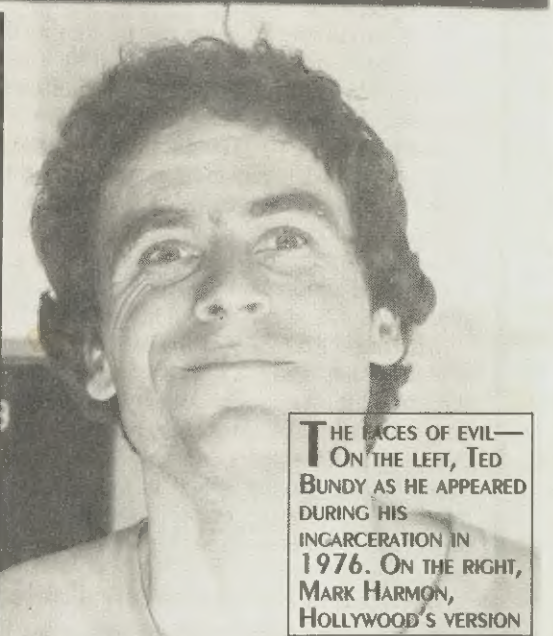
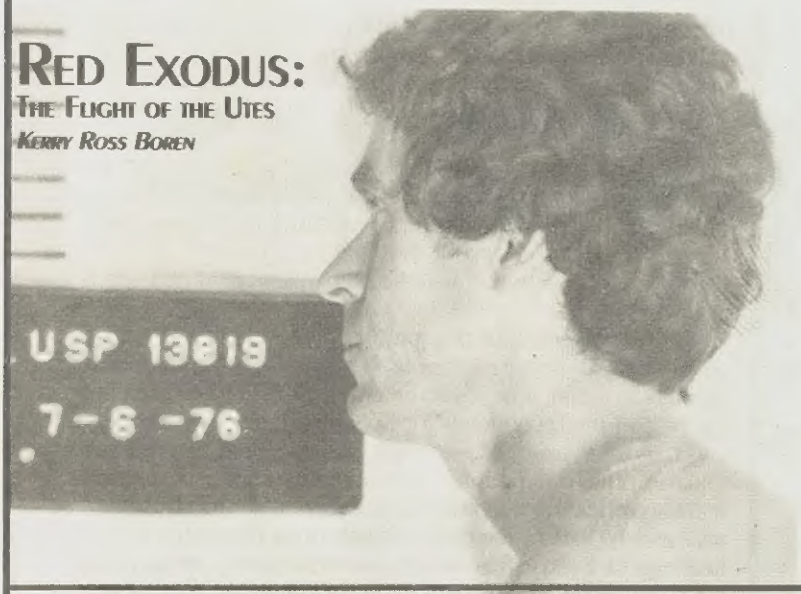
TOMMY THOMASO

FELON'S FORUM

COLLEGE PROGRAMMING & PELL GRANTS
ROGER LEFEVRE

RED EXODUS:

THE FLIGHT OF THE UTES
KERRY ROSS BOREN

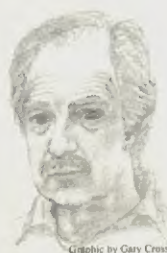


THE FACES OF EVIL—
ON THE LEFT, TED
BUNDY AS HE APPEARED
DURING HIS
INCARCERATION IN
1976. ON THE RIGHT,
MARK HARMON,
HOLLYWOOD'S VERSION



SOUTHPOINT magazine

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER, VOLUME VI—NUMBERS 5 & 6



THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT sometime this month you looked around and said something like, "That guy doesn't belong here," or "What is he doing here?" If you've been here any length of time, these thoughts have become more common, and you wonder why the courts are so anxious to put offenders in prison as a first resort. You are not alone.

With similar sentiments, the June 20, 1993, *Rolling Stone* said, in part, "The United States now has the highest per capita imprisonment rate in the world, surpassing even South Africa's. Federal spending on corrections increased forty-four percent from 1989 to 1992, hitting \$2.2 billion a year. In California alone, where the inmate population recently broke the 100,000 mark, state prisons now cost more than \$6 million a day. In 1990, the United States spent \$74 billion on the criminal-justice system."

According to a May 28, 1993, edition of *The New York Times*, "The politics of imprisonment are undergoing a metamorphosis in one statehouse after another. Frustrated prison officials are announcing that they have lost faith in the value of further cell construction after a building boom that has made corrections (in the U.S.A.) a one-million-inmate, \$25-billion-a-year industry—the world's largest and costliest prison system."

Utah, with some \$140 million to be paid to federal retirees, with a crisis looming in an under-funded educational system ranking far below its capabilities, must take a look at priorities. It may decide that part of the system's \$100 millions could be used more productively than the \$20M-plus spent housing a petty thief.

Part of this embarrassing problem, no doubt, is the drug crisis, a phenomenon unique to the Twentieth Century; part belongs to racial tensions and the widening gap between the haves and the have-nots. Society, justifiably frustrated by swift and unmanageable change, unable to sift through the malaise, relies on emotional responses. One knee-jerk solution includes recklessly warehousing offenders, much like frustrated parents who lock up their recalcitrants in the fruit cellar before heading to Sandy Station for some western swing. This wholesale incarceration reminds me of Poland's efforts to stop Hitler's *Blitzkrieg* with mounted cavalry at the beginning of World War II in 1939.

Decriminalizing drug use, one possibility that would reduce prison population, is an issue raised by Tommy Thomaso in "Should We Legalize Drugs?" Don't bother to read this if you think we are winning the war on drugs.

Kerry Boren's "Red Exodus: The Flight of the Utes," details the plight of the Ute Indians during the government's land grabs in Nineteenth-Century America. Wolf returns with "Successful Failure," a short story about an actor/robber so convincing he returns to the scene of the crime for a curtain call! Is Wolf trying to tell us the criminal mind is looking for nothing more than the approval he failed to get from his parents?

In this month's *Felon's Forum*, Roger explains the workings of Pell Grants and encourages us to take advantage of this sojourn to get closer to our college degree. Artist, wit, raconteur, now writer Dean Christensen helps us understand that one thing—science—in his *News & Miscellaneous* article of the same name. Among other things, he laments our failed relationship with the recently silenced Mars probe. Short-timer Leavitt takes us on an exhaustive tour of the Southpoint's genealogy program.

Save some turkey for me.

The *SouthPoint magazine* accepts work from prison and other sources and reserves the right to edit material. The magazine is neutral politically. Its purpose is to give inmates information about activities, to entertain, and to encourage awareness of principles that will help them to be productive, happy, and fulfilled. The opinions are those of the writers; they do not necessarily reflect those of the editor, nor the D.O.C.

Photo Lab	C	Ted Bundy and Mark Harmon
K. R. Boren	3	Red Exodus: The Flight of the Utes
	6	Draper Capers
Wolf	8	Successful Failure
Ned Rollo, Jr.	10	99 Days & a Wake Up
Craig Leavitt	12	Family History
Tommy Thomaso	14	Should We Legalize Drugs?
Roger LeFevre	16	Felon's Forum
	18	News & Miscellaneous
	25	Poetry
	26	Trivia Mania
	27	Cross David's Cross Words
daniel shaffer	28	The Chess Corner
	29	The Answer Page

Administration

Director of Institutional Operations	C. Kim Thompson
Warden	Scott Carver
Deputy Warden	Fred Hurst
Deputy Warden	Jay Leslie
Deputy Warden	Tom Bona
Program Coordinator	Mark Roberts
Inmate Services Coordinator	Ron Kelley

SouthPoint magazine

Editor	Tom Ossana
Art Editor	Dean Christensen
Assistant Editor	Roger LeFevre
Historian	Kerry Ross Boren
Correspondent	Craig Leavitt
Sports	Mark McGrath
	Rex Rawlings
Chess Editor	dan shaffer

M

Y GRANDFATHER, William C. Boren, was a great friend of the Ute Indians, and for many years lived among them on the Uintah-Ouray Reservation in the Uintah Basin. As such, my father, Edward Boren, was

delivered by an Indian midwife in 1893, and was called "Witch-i-cook" (Butcher Knife) by the Utes.

In July 1906 my father—then a lad of thirteen—and my uncle, Will Searle, rode horseback from Diamond Mountain through the timber country of the high Uintahs to the Lucerne Valley in

"You're damned lucky to be alive," my grandfather told his errant son. "Red Cap is the man who drove a stake through Nathan Meeker's head!"

No one—least of all my father—expected to see the Utes off the reservation that year. As it happened, Red Cap was leading a band of disgruntled Indians on a protest exodus from the reservation that became an epic last stand for the freedom-loving Utes.

The Ute Indians originally inhabited the area from the Rocky Mountains of Colorado on the east to the deserts of the Great Basin on the west, and from the area of South Pass on the north to the northern areas of Arizona and New Mexico on the south. Their linguistic group is called Ute-Aztec, indicating they were in some way

so much he returned the animals rather than killing Smith. In 1828 Smith helped the Utes defeat the Shoshonis, and, as a reward for Smith's killing an enemy chief, the Ute chief gave him as many Ute wives as he wanted. Smith, being as he said, "a modest man," took only three.

In about 1837, Yah-Keera (called Walkara or Walker by the whites) became war chief of the Utes, and by his horse raids into California and Mexico became the richest chief in the West.

When the Mormons came in 1847, Wakara wanted war and he led that faction of the tribe who advocated the extermination of the Mormons. His brother, Sowiette, was an advocate for peace, and, in the contest of wills, Sowiette used a bullwhip on Wakara to convince him of his

Kerry Boren's

EXODUS

The Flight of the Utes

northeastern Utah. At Dowd's Hole, a high mountain valley near present Flaming Gorge, they came across an Indian burial ground. Although they both knew better, having been raised among the Indians, their teenage curiosity overcame their good judgment, and they took some blankets, beads, bows and arrows from the burial site.

No sooner had they done so, however, than the surrounding hills came alive with mounted Indians. The two boys leaped upon their own mounts and fled across the valley, closely pursued by the whooping Indians. They managed to keep ahead of the angry Utes until they reached my grandfather's ranch on Henry's Fork.

Red Cap, the Ute leader, came to the house with two of his braves to speak with my grandfather, whom they knew well. They demanded only the return of the stolen items. My grandfather went a step further, giving the Utes a yearling calf for food. In a gesture of magnanimity, Red Cap gave my father an Indian pony.

connected with the Aztec group in history. Then came the Spaniards, and the Utes were able to achieve an era of ascendancy by the use of the horse.

They were able to sweep out of their mountains and hunt the buffalo of the Great Plains. They allied themselves to such nations as the Comanches and Apaches, and became superior in war. Although the Spaniards subjected the Utes to a certain amount of slave trade, the Indians managed a profitable alliance with them for the most part. Their real problems began with the arrival of the white Americans.

The first white Americans encountered by the Utes were fur trappers and traders. These men generally respected the Indian way of life, and many of them inter-married with the Utes. One of these men was Thomas L. "Pegleg" Smith, who became acquainted with the Utes about 1825 when they stole some of his horses. He rode boldly into their camp alone and demanded their return. The chief admired his courage

power over the political affairs of the tribe.

Trouble began in 1849 when the Mormons built Fort Utah (Provo) on the ground that had been used from time immemorial as a campsite of the Ute nation. Some few days before the fort was occupied, five Ute braves were killed by Mormons for taking cattle. The result was the "Walker War" that ended with a treaty whereby the Utes required Dimick P. Huntington, the negotiator, to swear by the sun that the Mormons would not drive the Indians from their land, nor infringe upon their rights. The Mormons soon broke the treaty in their quest for colonization, and the Utes got their first taste of white treachery.

Chief Walker died January 29, 1855, and his brother Arapeen succeeded him as chief of the tribe; within two years he was completely controlled by the Mormon authorities.

The 1864 Utah Legislature asked Congress for the removal of the Indians from as far south as central Utah to the Uintah Valley

that had been set apart as a reservation by executive order of Abraham Lincoln in October 1861. This was a blatant violation of the Mormon treaty with the Utes.

The act itself clearly indicates the attitude of the Federal government toward the Utes, stating "that all such reservations shall be selected at points as remote as may be practicable for the present settlements in Utah Territory." In April of 1865, because the Mormons violated their promise not to divest the Utes of their land, and had them removed to the reservation in 1864, in April of 1865 the Sanpete Utes went on the warpath. Led by war chief Black Hawk, the war lasted twenty-one months, killed more than fifty Mormon settlers and many times that number of Indians.

Nevertheless, by 1867 the Office of Indian Affairs got most of the Indians removed to the reservation in the isolated Uintah Basin. When Black Hawk died in 1870, so did the Utes' hope for further resistance to the Mormons.

For those tribes of Utes who inhabited the western slope of Colorado, the day of disaster was postponed a little longer. One of the reasons for their better condition was the fortunate choice of the first agent, Kit Carson. He served in that capacity from 1853 until 1859.

The great trouble came with the Utes after the discovery of gold near Denver in 1858. That area increased in population so rapidly that a territory was organized in 1861. The following year an agency was set up to serve the northern Utes.

The first band to be removed from their ancestral lands were the Tabeguaches. In return for their lands, the Utes were promised 750 head of cattle and 3500 head of sheep, \$100,000 in ten years, and the government was to furnish them a blacksmith. The government failed to fulfill any of the obligations of the treaty even though the land was surrendered.

The treaty of 1868 gave seven Colorado bands of Utes about one-third of the present state of Colorado, with full assurance of the government that it would remain forever the possession of the tribes. The discovery of mineral deposits in the San Juan Mountains brought an influx of whites into the region, and Ute chief Ouray protested. At first troops escorted miners off the lands, but public outcry soon put a stop to the practice. The government then "negotiated" and ratified a new treaty without even consulting the Utes. On April 29, 1874, the Utes lost most of their lands in Colorado.

After this time the Utes of Colorado

were administered through two agencies, one at White River, near the present site of Meeker, Colorado, and the other near Montrose, called the Uncompahgre Agency.

At the White River Agency, Nathan C. Meeker was appointed agent in 1878. Meeker had been a successful newspaperman but had failed at virtually everything else he tried. Meeker was a religious fanatic who promoted the government "Severalty" plan for the Indians that called for the Indians to be given a plot of ground and be taught to be farmers. Meeker gathered the Indians of northwestern Colorado near the agency and attempted to force the horse-loving Utes to take up the plow and the hoe.

The two leading Utes of the region were Douglas and Captain Jack. The latter had been raised and educated by Brigham Young in Utah, but, to the surprise of Meeker, it was this educated Indian who most opposed the beginning of the farms. Douglas was more receptive and got a few of the younger braves to help clear the land. Nathan Meeker's twenty-year old daughter, Josephine, just out of Oberlin, came west to serve as teacher.

Meeker was an oppressive taskmaster, withholding rations (goods provided for by the treaty) to force the Indians to help build an irrigation ditch; the Utes went hunting game for food, and Meeker withheld even more because they went hunting instead of plowing fields.

One of the Utes, Johnson by name, became upset when Meeker ordered his horse pasture to be plowed. He confronted Meeker, who told the Indian that he had too many horses and should shoot some of them. Johnson, in anger, dragged the agent from his house and would have thrashed him if agency employees had not come to his rescue.

Meeker, afraid for his life, asked Commissioner Hayt for troops. Major T.T. Thornburg proceeded from Fort Steele, Wyoming, with 178 men and thirty-three wagons. On September 26, 1879, the detachment was about sixty-five miles north of the agency when Captain Jack and nine other Utes rode into the camp and inquired as to their intentions. By September 29 three hundred braves had assembled and Captain Jack ambushed the military train. Fifty-three soldiers, including Major Thornburg, were killed.

The same day as the attack on the troops, the White River Agency was attacked by a group of about twenty-five Indians led by

Douglas. Meeker was killed, as were his eight young men who worked at the agency. The three women and two children at the agency were taken captive and were held as hostages for twenty-three days. The entire nation was particularly outraged when it was found out that all three of the women were raped while in captivity.

When I was a boy of fourteen (1955), I became a blood-brother to a young Ute named Danny Colorow. Danny's grandfather, an old man of ninety-four, was son of Ute Chief Colorow and was himself named Colorow. Colorow had been a youth of eighteen at the time of the so-called "Meeker Massacre" and was present when Meeker was killed. I have often heard the story from the old man's lips, but two things he said stand out clearly in my mind:

"Indian say it is not your guns which kill my people—it is your plowshares." When I asked him if it was true that the Meeker women had been raped, his reply was very pointed: "White men have amazing minds; they can remember things that never happened."

The Meeker and Thornburg massacres gave the people of Colorado the excuse they needed to remove the Utes from the rich lands of the western slope. The "Treaty of 1880"—which was nothing more than a bill for removal—called for the evacuation of almost all Utes from Colorado to the Uintah Reservation in Utah, already crowded with displaced Utes from that state.

In the spring of 1881 the transfer was made under heavy military guard. Captain James Parker of the Fourth Cavalry has left us this account:

"The next morning, shortly after sunrise, we saw a thrilling and pitiful sight. The whole Ute nation on horseback and on foot was streaming by. As they passed our camp their gait broke into a run. Sheep were abandoned, blankets and personal possessions strewn along the road, women and children were loudly wailing."

It was inevitable that they should move, and better then, than after a fruitless and bloody struggle. They should think too, that the land was lost beyond recovery:

"And so we marched behind the Indians, pushing them out, he [the commander] sent word to all the surrounding whites, who hurried after us taking up the land... in three days the rich lands of the Uncompahgre were all occupied."

By the time the White River and Uncompahgre Utes arrived in Utah, part of the Uintah Basin had already been lost to

them. The Mormons had succeeded in establishing Vernal in 1878, and the surrounding area was never used for the benefit of the Indians. For the next twenty-five or so years the Utes crowded onto reservation lands barely able to sustain their numbers.

Then, in 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt withdrew 1,100,000 acres from the Ute lands to create the Uintah National Forest Reserve. This was followed closely by what proved to be the final straw for the Utes—the reservation was thrown open to white settlement.

It began with a political dispute between certain Mormon Church officials, Mormon Senator Reed Smoot, the Republican Party, and Thomas Kearns and his newspaper, *The Salt Lake Tribune*. In 1901 Kearns—who was Catholic—had been elected to the United States Senate, but in 1905 the Republican Party withdrew its support from Kearns and elected George Sutherland. Kearns was outraged. When he learned that the Church hierarchy was working on a scheme to secure Uintah Indian Reservation lands for its members, Kearns was convinced that the church under the leadership of Joseph F. Smith and Reed Smoot were working to gain political and economic control of the state.

At the center of the controversy was William H. Smart, president of the Wasatch Stake, which ecclesiastical jurisdiction included the Uintah Indian Reservation. Smart had gone secretly to the reservation prior to its opening to identify suitable land and water resources for homesteading. He organized the Wasatch Development Company to assist church members in locating Indian lands. Kearns blasted the move, accusing the Mormons of a “most insolent attempt to thwart by underhand means” efforts of the government to open the reservation, blaming “the present odious presidency of Joseph F. Smith.”

However much the opposition, the Mormon Church was successful, and nearly 37,000 individuals from all over the country registered for Indian land during the first two weeks of August 1905. Drawing of names took place at the Proctor Academy in Provo on August 16, 1905. During the next few days over 5772 names were drawn from a barrel, each recipient gaining 160 acres of the choicest Indian land.

Unable to stem the tide of white invaders, their anger turned to dismay, and the Utes decided to flee. The *Vernal Express*, dated May 26, 1906, observed:

Indian trouble of gigantic proportions is brewing . . . a band of the White River Utes, by actual count known to number 321, camped at Dry Fork Wednesday night.

The Indians were all well armed and had ammunition in abundance, they also had 1,000 head of horses, and about 50 head of cattle . . . They informed the settlers that they were going to one of the Northern reservations where a great gathering of all the Indians in the West has been arranged for, to council over their supposed grievances. They express freely their determination to fight rather than return. . . .

When, by June 9, the Indians reached Diamond Mountain, north of Vernal, the *Express* opined:

It is hardly possible that, among all the three hundred, there is a single Indian whoever took a scalp; yet these young bucks, sons of the wilder redmen, have slumbering in them the wanton ferocity of the race, which needs but the flaming. And nothing is just suited to awaken all the old time spirit of the Indian, more than the war whoop and the war dance.

The *Vernal Express* contacted “Cap” Whitlock, a Uintah Basin resident who had many dealings with the Utes, to gain some insight into their motivations.

We learned that the evil genius who is in reality the backbone of the present ugly disposition of the natives is no other than Red Cap, a sub-chief of the same stock as the bloody old chiefs Arapene and Walker. That he is a repeat of these bad Indians is emphasized more when it is known that he speaks English well and has twice been a delegate to Washington for his tribesmen and ought, therefore, to counsel peace. On the contrary, he was the first to raise the banner of insurrection. This he did openly on the occasion of the last great Bear Dance at the Indian village on the Duchesne. About once every hour he would get up on a box and deliver himself of a harangue. “The whitemen,” said he, “have robbed us of our cattle, our pony grass and our hunting grounds,” and

then seeing that others approved his words, he grew bolder in his fiery tirade. He called upon all the Indians who were willing to fight for their rights to shave their heads in token. Shortly after, thirty or forty young bucks were seen among the crowd with their hair so cut that it stood straight up all over the top of their heads, and with their painted faces looked positively wild.

Red Cap advocated a trip to the Sioux, the Crows, and all northern Indians for the purpose of forming a league to fight the whites, and it appears that he has prevailed. Other influential Indians told Mr. Whitlock during the festivities, that they did not want to fight. But it seems that the radical element is carrying the band northward, it may be by dint of the enthusiasm aroused and kept alive by war-like demonstrations, together with the novelty of a visit in the distant country. Whichever motive impels them, there is a serious liability of trouble ahead.

The Indians were concerned that the soldiers from Fort Duchesne might pursue them, but legal considerations made it impossible to go after the Utes with an armed force. The agent at Fort Duchesne did, however, follow the Indians as they trekked northward—to keep an eye on them.

As their friend my grandfather had lived on the reservation for many years with the approbation of the Utes, as their friend. In 1905, when the reservation was opened for settlement, rather than enter the lottery, he gathered up a number of relatives and took a small train of wagons over the mountain to settle on Henry’s Fork. It was always a source of pride to me to know that he would not take advantage of his Indian friends. Moreover, that friendship probably saved my father’s life that hot July day in 1906.

By August the Utes were in Wyoming, and their numbers had increased from some 300 to more than 700. Citizens of that state took alarm at the size of the caravan moving across the region. A dispatch from Cheyenne on August 20, 1906, stated:

Seven hundred Utes are slaughtering cattle and sheep, robbing ranches, and committing other depredations in the vicinity of Douglass, on the Platte River 150 miles north of Cheyenne. They are in an ugly mood and refuse to return to their

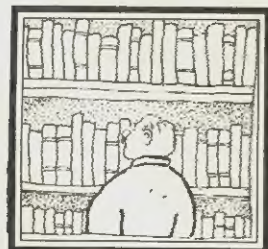
Continued on page 30

DRAPER CAPERS

INMATES UNCLEAR ON THE CONCEPT OF ALIBIS



"What! Why would you say that?
What makes you think I did it?"



PRISON WACNOR

EDITED BY

TOMMY THOMASO

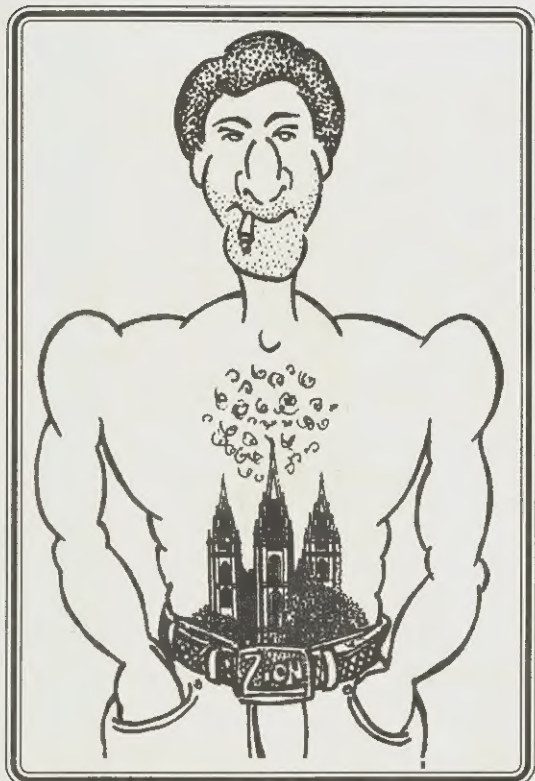


CATCHER FROM WOMEN'S
FACILITY SIGNALING FOR
THE HARD, FAST ONE



"I'd like to confess to a white-collar crime—I kept you on hold just for the
heck of it"

a reprint from The New Yorker

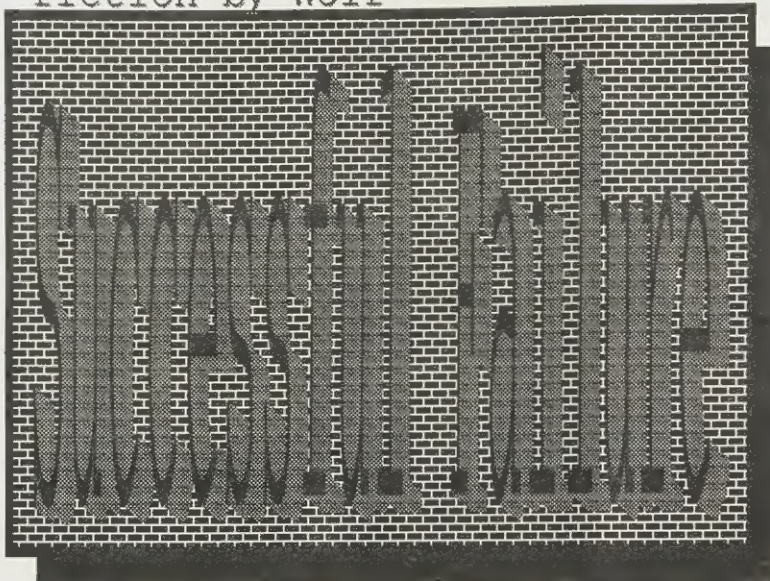


"As it happened, my work as an accountant transcended the genre."

WHEN SAINTS GO BAD



fiction by Wolf



ROB A BANK? WHY NOT? HOW COULD HE NOT SUCCEED WHEN HE'D WRITE THE SCRIPT HIMSELF. "I'LL BE PRODUCER, DIRECTOR, AND STAR!"

Clutching her stomach, Joyce toppled from the couch onto the living room floor, writhing and shrieking hysterically. I punched a button on the remote, switching the Frank Filbert Comedy Hour, the cause of Joyce's uncontrollable laughter, into dark gray oblivion.

I lounged back for the five-to-seven minutes it took her to regain control. Her shrieks turned to guffaws, then to giggles; her convulsions became a series of quivers and shakes, finally subsiding. She lay stretched out on the carpet for a few minutes, then sighing heavily, she climbed onto the sofa, snuggled up, head on my shoulder. I love everything about my wife: her beauty, her intelligence, and especially her sense of humor.

"You turned it off!"

"I had to. You overdosed. You always do. I taped it on the VCR so you can view it in smaller doses at many more convenient times."

"I can't help it," Joyce confessed. "Frank Filbert is a real nut. He cracks me up with those fantastic pantomime sketches."

"Yeah," I admitted grudgingly, "the guy's a genius, which he always told everyone when he was an unknown. Modesty is not one of his virtues. But he is good. He can do everything from slapstick tragedy to being a master at mime. Marceau could take lessons from him, as he informed me many times."

"You never told me you knew him."

I pulled her closer. "I'm not a name-dropper, but I did happen to room with him before he got his big break. Oddly enough, it came about through a magnificent failure."

She kissed the lobe of my ear. "Why don't you settle back and tell me about it."

FRANK FILBERT, WHO HAD DECIDED TO STORM Hollywood where he had expected his talent would boost him to the top of the rainbow, was dismayed to discover he was only one tiny drop in a shower of thousands of aspiring entertainers seeking success in show business. Having had little professional experience, Frank managed to snare only a few minor non-paying roles in community playhouse productions.

Frank and I met at an audition for a

commercial—neither of us got the job—and he suggested we become roommates after I had casually remarked I live in a small two-bedroom apartment. I had seen the writing on the wall months earlier and had taken a job as a photographer's assistant, although I still harbored the hope of landing a commercial whose residuals would last many years.

It worked out pretty well for Frank who moved in while I continued to pay for the rent. Frank's savings were almost depleted, and he considered himself lucky to have found himself free room and board.

Day and night Frank kept trying to land a showbiz job, turning up at every audition and casting call that came to his attention—all with a notable lack of success. He would come home after a hard day's search and complain.

"You know, Buddy"—he always called me Buddy, never Hal or even Reed—it's a crime. I've been in town for nearly six months, and my great talents have yet to be discovered by anyone who counts. I can act rings around those super-stars who earn millions. And as a pantomimist, no one is my peer. Why, Marcel Marceau could learn

by watching me work. Just sit down and I'll give you a little demo."

He lumbered to the middle of the small room and struck a stance. Instantly I knew he was a baseball player, a pitcher. He tossed something into the air, caught it, spit on it. Actually he had nothing in his hands, but I swear I saw the stitching on the old horsehide. He changed his position slightly, reaching down to pick something up. A bat. Knocking the clods from his cleats, he stepped up to the plate, swung and missed twice, then slammed a home run right through the window. I winced, fearing the glass would break, but luckily the window was open. He shifted position again, becoming a tennis player about to serve. He bounced the ball up and down a few times, then stretching high he tossed it up to serve an ace straight at me. I dived off the couch to avoid being hit by a nonexistent yellow-green ball. Frank burst into laughter.

"Tell me, Buddy, what brand bat did I have in my hands?"

"A Louisville Slugger."

"Wrong. I didn't have any. My movements hypnotized you into imagining it. Other people would have seen different types of bats. It's all a matter of personal experience. You probably had a Slugger when you were a kid."

"Yeah. A hand-me-down from my dad." I edged over to the window and glanced down into the street, subconsciously looking for the home run ball. "Frank, you are great! With talent like that, you're going to make it to the top sooner or later."

Frank looked like a spoiled brat who's been denied his current whim. "Later won't do! You've seen how good I am. Those were just a few of my sport's routines. I've got hundreds of others—all kinds." He flung himself upon the sofa I had vacated. "You're right, Buddy. One of these days I'm going to hit it big and make millions, but right now I'm strapped for cash. My car needs a transmission operation, my girlfriend dumped me because I can't take her to expensive places, I need new clothes, and I would like to move out of this hole into a better apartment. So, Buddy, I'll let you in on my secret. I'm going to the source. A bank."

"I doubt if they'll give you a loan."

"I'm not talking loan, I'm talking withdrawal."

His meaning became clear. "Rob a bank! Don't do it, Frank. They've got guards. They take pictures. You won't like it in jail."

"No chance I'll get caught, Buddy. I'm

going to write the whole caper down like a scene from a play. I'll rehearse until I get it perfect. Remember, I'm a terrific actor. When I stroll into that bank, it'll be like walking onto the stage for a first night performance. I'll be writer, producer, director, and star. And," he gave a little chuckle, "I'll start directing the other *actors* the moment I come through the door." He jumped off the couch and actually skipped into his bedroom to begin his script.

THE NEXT EVENING FRANK ASKED ME TO help him rehearse by playing the parts of a teller and several miscellaneous customers, but I declined.

"I don't want to know anything about it. When they grab you, I could be held as an accessory."

"Not to worry, Buddy. I'm not telling which bank. But if you don't want to help a pal out, I understand. It's okay. I'm great at improvising and simulating."

He spent the next two nights in his room. I occasionally heard his voice—loud and authoritative—but most of the time there was silence, so I assume he was more into actions than words.

The following Thursday, my day off, Frank called me into his room shortly before noon. He was peering into the mirror, his makeup case lying open on the dresser.

"Well, how do you like it?" he asked looking at me through the mirror. "This is what I call security camera insurance. When those hidden cameras take my picture, they won't be photographing Frank Filbert."

His skill at makeup was as good as his acting. If I hadn't known it was him, I would have sworn it wasn't. "You know your stuff, alright, but if the camera doesn't get you, the guard will. You'd do well to reconsider."

He disregarded my comment and studied himself critically. "It lacks something, don't you think? Ah, I have it. A wart. A nice large ugly wart right near the end of my nose." A few deft movements and it was a *fait accompli*. "There, much better. Now the witnesses' attention will be riveted on the wart, and they won't remember anything else about me."

He closed his makeup kit and stood up. "Well, Buddy, I'm off."

"Break a leg," I flung after him as he vanished through the front door and down the stairs. From the window I watched him after he had reached the street. I was not surprised to see him cross to the other side, walk to the end of the block, and slip into

the bank on the corner, where—as I later learned—he said in a resonant voice heard in every corner of the bank, "Hands up, everybody! This is a stickup!" Trite, overused words, to be sure, but very effective. He had no difficulty convincing the customers to lie face down on the carpeted floor and the tellers to fill up his pillowcase with all the cash in the tills. Unfortunately, the heist turned sour when he was grabbed by the guard (as I had predicted) and arrested.

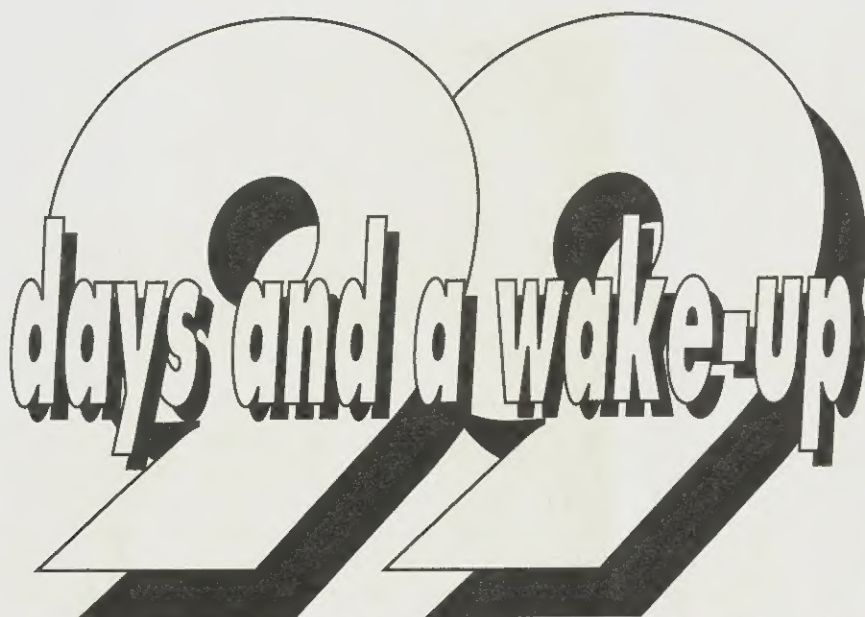
FRANK'S TRIAL WAS NEWSPAPER AND TV sensation a little over three years ago. I find it appalling, my dear, that you have no knowledge of it.

"Although he had been caught with the goods, Frank pleaded not guilty. Acting as his own attorney, he claimed he had merely found the pillowcase of money on the sidewalk and was in the process of returning it to the bank when a guard grabbed him rather roughly and called the police. His story was strengthened by the fact that he bore no resemblance to the robber in the bank's photos, and that every witness gave conflicting testimony. They agreed only that the man had a large wart on his nose and a gun in his hand. The gun was described variously as a large .45 automatic, a .38 police special, a Luger, a small .25 caliber automatic, and so on. The security camera, however, showed clearly that the man had no gun at all; he was simply pointing with his forefinger, thumb up. After deliberating two minutes, the jury acquitted Frank.

"Because Frank came across so well in the TV news and it was such a bizarre case, a network TV talk show host invited him to appear on his late-night program. Frank sneaked in a few jokes, did a couple of pantomime sketches, and was an instant hit. The rest is history. Any questions?"

Joyce lifted her head from my shoulder. "Yes. How was Frank caught? Don't tell me he actually tried to rob a bank using his fingers as a gun?"

"As you said a little while ago, Frank Filbert is a real nut. Of course he did! But that isn't what did him in. As far as the people in the bank are concerned, he did have a gun. Frank left the bank with the money, peeling off the wart as he exited. His original intention had been to hot-foot it back to our place with the loot. But the son-of-a-gun was so pleased with his performance, he instinctively turned around and reentered the bank to take his curtain call."



copyright © 1988 by V. N. Rollo, Jr.

Ned Rollo has been actively involved on both sides of the criminal justice system for over twenty-one years. His unique range of experience provides the foundation for the non-traditional blend of ideas as expressed in these articles.

First, Rollo is a former prisoner, with four felony convictions for manslaughter, possession of narcotics and two counts of federal firearms violations. He served five-and-a-half years in federal and state prisons from 1966 to '69 and 1974 to '77, and was released through federal parole (completed) and two State of Louisiana commutations of sentence (time cuts).

Second, the author is a 1971 graduate of Roosevelt University in Chicago and he has spent over fourteen years designing educational programs and teaching self-help skills to offenders and their families. In 1979, Rollo founded OPEN, INC., a non-profit community service agency, to reduce repeat crime through provision of life coping skills training to offenders and their loved ones.

On May 1, 1987, Rollo was presented the 1987 Liberty Bell Award by the Dallas Association of Young Lawyers for outstanding contributions to the field of adult corrections during his eight years of service in Dallas and the State of Texas.

These articles are built on the author's direct experiences of over 15,000 other offenders and loved ones Rollo has worked and interacted with since 1966.

As a "habitual criminal," Rollo takes the issue of success after prison very seriously. Yet, as a teacher and social scientist, he is equally concerned with improving ways offenders and their loved ones can both survive and prosper through long-term involvement in the criminal justice system.

MANY WELLS BUT NO BUCKET

A WORKABLE APPROACH TO COMMUNITY SERVICES

A LOT OF FALSE INFORMATION exists behind bars as to all the wonderful programs and opportunities awaiting newly released prisoners. This is, for the most part, wishful thinking and absolute garbage.

The general attitude of the public is: To help an ex-con is like doing him a favor—as if they are rewarding a person for committing some act contrary to the public good. For them, to help you put your life in order isn't reasonable and doesn't make good sense. This point of view, valid or invalid, constitutes the "world" you are to re-enter, for better or worse!

What matters here is *what is available* and *how to deal with it*. Very little exists out in the world to help an ex-offender reconstruct. You may ask, "How do they expect me to do right if I don't have any help?" But, to be totally honest, most citizens are so busy with the details of their daily lives they couldn't care less if an ex-prisoner or their family lives or dies. As a "criminal," one has virtually zero community or legal status—no foundation of credibility.

You may not like to hear this, but *that's*

how it is. It simply doesn't pay to come out into the world asking for help based on your criminal history. If you ask for help because you are a habitual felon, all you will get is quick directions to the door! So you have to find a better, more effective way to sell yourself, insure your survival, and obtain the support needed to put your life together.

To be successful in your approach to the community, you have to understand how the community thinks. If society thinks it's wrong to help an ex-con or the family of one, then let's **re-define who you are** so that you fit into a better level of community acceptance. It may sound silly, but you'd be amazed how successful you can be if you will open your mind now and use this release and reunion with society as a unique opportunity to reconstruct a new you. It's a very powerful time in your total life!

If you're not a criminal, then who are you? A lot of different things, but before all other factors, **you are a human being**, then a man, then a citizen, then a tennis player, then . . . wayyyy down the list, you're a public offender.

Snap to this fact: When hitting the streets,

you are immediately confronted with ideas and actions totally opposite from those you've been dealing with every day. Just like the shock of going down and the series of earthquakes that followed—the same is equally true when you return.

It's OK. You just have to re-learn the "rules of the game." You do have what it takes. In the free world you can become known more for what you do than where you've been! If you prove over a period of time that you are a real and decent person, that is what others view as worthy of recognition and respect. Again, it comes back to the Golden Rule—nothing more, nothing less.

When dealing with the community, before all else you have to modify the way you see yourself. Until you do this, you will have a real problem in representing yourself effectively. First, you are a human being—capable, motivated, determined, sincere, and willing to treat others with dignity and respect! Next, you are a citizen who cares about the community and welfare of others. Third, you are a hard worker, sincere in your desire to be trustworthy and render a good day's work.

Community service agencies exist not to serve ex-cons, but people. No one agency or program can serve everyone. Therefore they have a unique focus as to why they exist, who they serve, and what services they render. Any given program in the community is not "good" or "bad," just different in what they do and how they do it.

The secret to success is properly matching your needs with an appropriate community service or resource. Give them a person to serve, one who exactly fits their guidelines. In short, to achieve the cooperation of a community agency, they need to see you as an *ideal client*—no hassles, no sweat.

Obviously getting something you need cannot happen if it doesn't exist in your community! But, if it does, you can probably figure out a way to qualify, because you are a human being in need! Be creative and absolutely persistent. Nobody gives things away without making you dance to their tune—cold but true.

When approaching anyone for anything, be polite, no matter who you're dealing with. Tell them you want to know what services they offer; don't talk about yourself. Find out everything you can about what they offer and exactly who they help—

then "redesign yourself" to fit. It's work, but when you're on the bottom trying to get up, it's worth it! Don't give up.

A PERSON OF WORTH—YOU

Above all other factors, to succeed you must re-define yourself as a person of worth if you want the world to respect you and treat you as you hope they will. And this is not theory, it's a basic fact. Not a blind boast of what you "can be" but what you will pay in time and blood to achieve success. Each and every person who leaves a jail or prison must truly believe that he can make it.

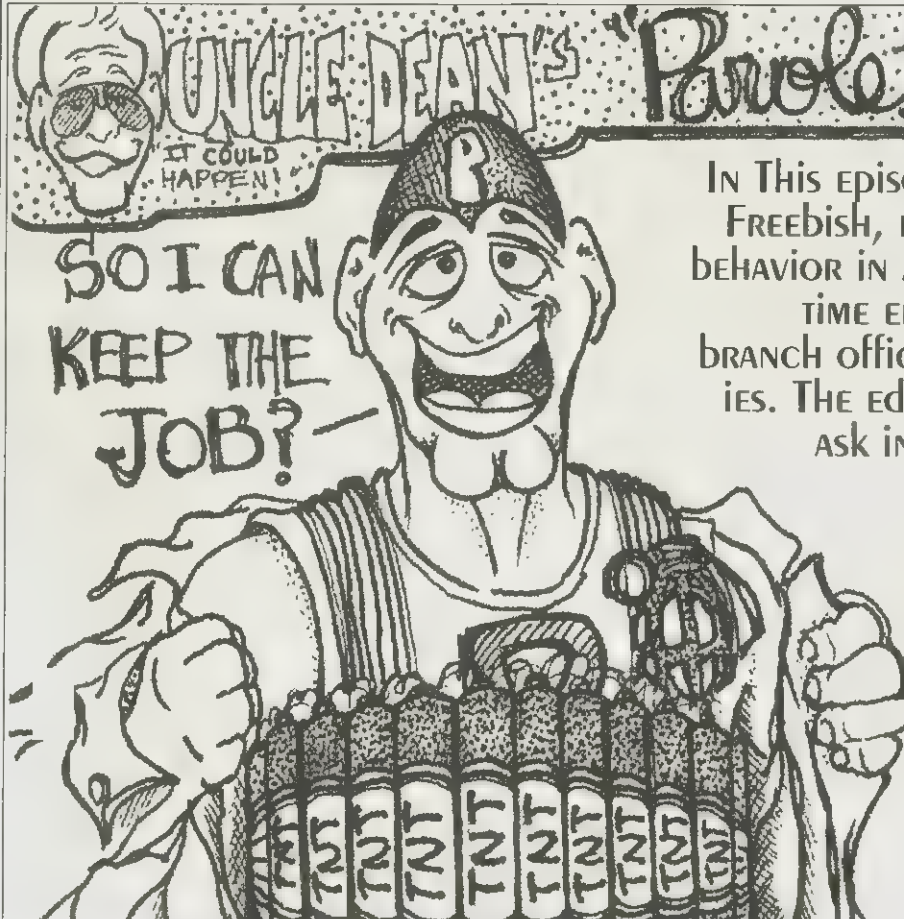
Can it happen overnight or just because you want it to? No, of course not—but it can be done and you can do it! Each new day of freedom offers yet another chance to build your self-respect and to take pride in your efforts and achievements. And, unlike physical objects, no one can take from you the satisfaction of knowing you've done the best you can.

After being a puppet for so long, it's time you become the puppeteer. Time to take control of the one most difficult item in the universe: your true self. Jails and prisons

are very unnatural and artificial realities. You feel stripped of everything—torn into a hundred parts, lost in uncertainty and rage. But remember, you must now accept responsibility for who you are and determine within yourself to pull the fragmented pieces back together. Now, in the free world, you can each day assume a bit more control over your future. So you walk out naked, newborn after a long and difficult delivery process! A perfect place to be stripped of a lot of the garbage collected in the past. A Perfect Place!

What better possible place than a jail or prison to teach someone the harder facts of life—to understand that reality? That's life in the Big City—the way things come down. If a person really decides to make it, it can be done!

And being re-born, you are so vulnerable, yet filled with potential! Use your experience in the criminal justice process to grow in the development of your values, actions, and dignity. The entire series of events must now step back into the "community," no matter where in the world it may be. Remember, your final goal is to grow, to become an ex ex-con, to replace pain with peace. In case no one else ever tells you: "You can do it!"



JUNGLE DEAN'S "Parole Man!" #209

IN THIS EPISODE PAROLEMAN, ENERD P. FREEBISH, REVERTS TO A PAST NEGATIVE BEHAVIOR IN AN ATTEMPT TO SECURE FULL-TIME EMPLOYMENT FROM THE LOCAL BRANCH OFFICE OF S. O. S. TEMPORARIES. THE EDITORIAL STAFF WOULD LIKE TO ASK INMATES IN THERAPY TO SEND THEIR IDEAS AS TO WHAT PAROLEMAN MIGHT HAVE DONE WRONG IN THIS PARTICULAR SITUATION. ALL ENTRIES SHOULD BE WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL AND SENT TO THE OFFICES OF SOUTHPOINT MAGAZINE.

SO I CAN
KEEP THE
JOB?—

IN JANUARY, A FRIEND FROM THE Oquirrh, Gene Parrish, invited me to go to the Oquirrh Family History Center. I already knew something about genealogy, having been raised LDS, but that it was for old people who were getting ready to die and wanted to build up a few points before they appeared at the pearly gates. Genealogy had never been more than faceless names and meaningless dates; I declined his offer.

Several inhabitants in my housing unit were actively involved in the Family History Program. I was fairly busy feeling sorry for myself and really didn't have much time for anything else. They went to and from the Oquirrh Chapel carrying huge black binders of pedigree charts and other family records. Curiosity began nipping away at my self-pitied reluctance and I began to weaken. One evening Gene was working on his project, and I asked him how it was going. He looked up and said, "Fine"! So much for that conversation. I couldn't help noticing that his binder was filled with charts, sheets, and historical notes. I asked him how many names he had in his book. He told me he had several thousand. Then he went back to his task.

For the first time I truly had a desire to know something about my ancestors. I wondered about those from whom I had sprung. I knew my parents, grandparents on both sides, and one great-grandfather. I had been fascinated as a kid listening to Great-grandpa tell of his days as a boy in southern Utah and of his adventures as a pony express rider. I recalled the stories he had told of fighting with Indians. He had grown up in what I considered the Old West. I knew of my grandfather on my mother's side who had been a general in

the Army. I had been entranced as a youngster hearing the stories of WWI, WWII, and Korea from someone who had actually been there. But this was all I knew of my family. I suddenly had a desire to know about those who had lived before and before and before.

Desire is good, but know how is essential. I had the desire but didn't have a clue how to begin. I felt awkward because I should have known. I grew up around people who had done genealogy, but had never been interested. I asked Gene how he got started, and he told me all I had to do was go to the center, and there would plenty of help. So I went.

When I got to the Oquirrh center I was amazed at the people who were there. There were Mormons, non-Mormons, Christians, Jews, and even a few hard numbers. They were busy. They were crowded around special machines called readers, looking at microfilm records or searching in the fiche files for names and dates. Several were using computers, and others were busily making notes of films to order, books to get, and names to be processed.

I was lost. I stood in the hallway without a clue where to go, or what to do. It was obvious that I was a beginner. Within minutes Roy O'Connor asked if I needed help; Roy is the coordinator of the Oquirrh facility. From that moment on I was given

everything I needed to begin searching for my ancestors.

After only a few hours, I was able to trace my lineage to the first Leavitt to come to America. His name was Deacon John Leavitt. I became intrigued by this seventeen-year-old who came to this land as a stowaway on the Mayflower II—about the same time the Pilgrims were teaching the natives how to cook turkey, and they were teaching the Pilgrims about tobacco.

Deacon John had been an apprentice carpenter in England and was bonded to a man who treated him badly. When the opportunity came, John hid away on a ship that sailed from Plymouth, England, for the new world. The ship, with its stowaway cargo, arrived in Boston and the young lad began practicing his trade. He settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, and established himself as a craftsman. He worked hard and did quite well for himself.

After a few years his old master heard of his success. He came to America to claim his due. He seized all of the assets of the young man, claiming that he was still bonded, and that all John had accumulated from his labor was the rightful property of his master. That was the law! John lost all and was hauled back to England to fulfill his obligations to his boss.

When he had satisfied his master, Deacon

Continued on page 32

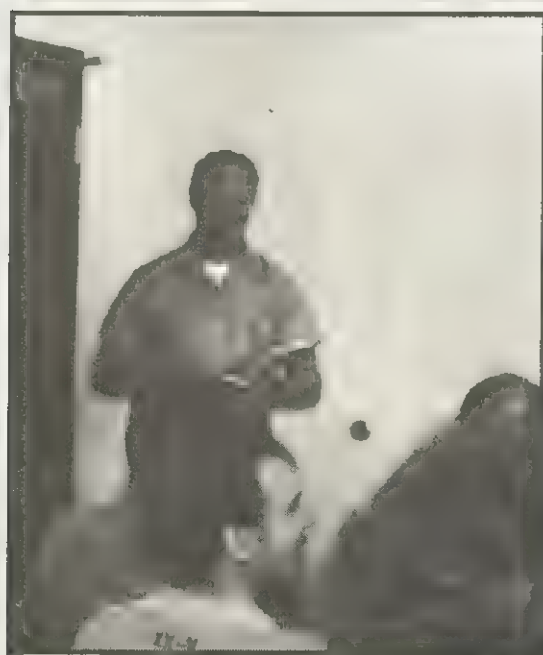
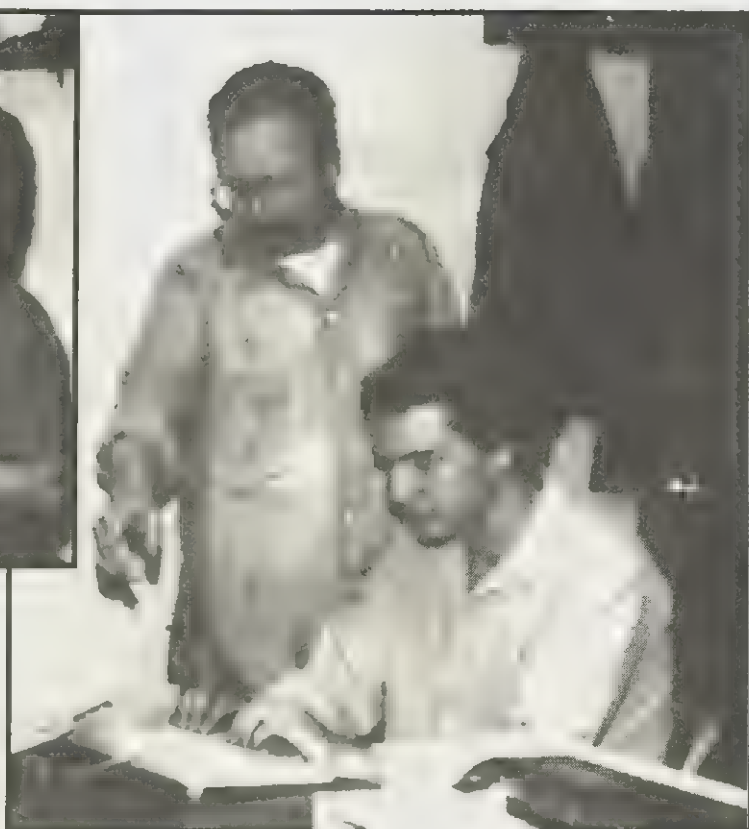
Family History

Scoop Leavitt

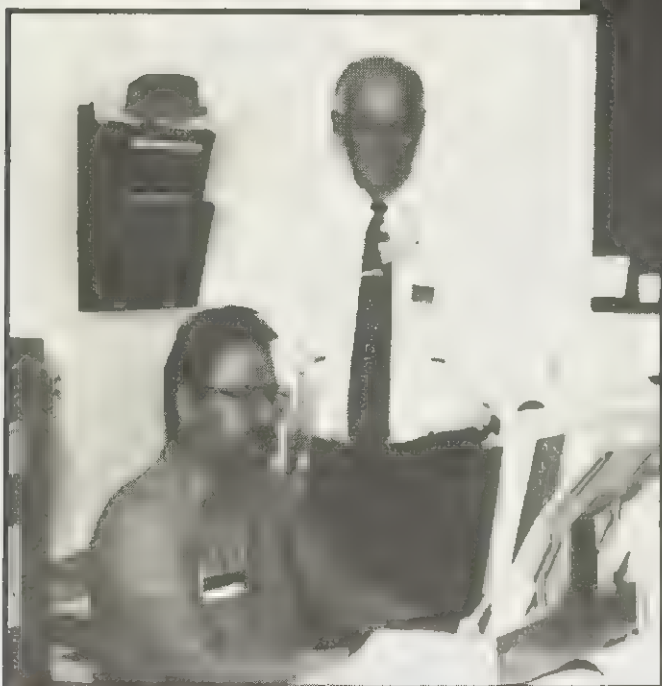
features USP's genealogy research centers.



Geneologist Craig Leavitt glows with pride over the royalty of his lineage.



Top left, Craig Abbott and the Weatherstons coordinate Family History activities at Wasatch; top Right, David Neel and Bryan Trone (sitting) researching on computer; center left, Roy O'Conner provides orientation and training to new inmate genealogy researchers.



Bottom left, Blaine Nelson (sitting) and LDS volunteer Brother Dawson; bottom right, Rudy Fryer (sitting) and LDS volunteer Sister Dawson

WE ARE ALL AWARE OF THE difficulties created by the abuse of drugs—overcrowded prisons, crime, violence, ruined lives and families. Even the most committed local dope fiends curse the habit when they come down. This article deals specifically with the problems caused by *criminalizing* drugs. The difficulties have nothing to do with corrections, nor are they caused by law enforcement. The problem, I believe, lies indirectly with federal and state legislatures and their search for a quick fix. The ultimate responsibility, however, lies with our society and its current policy of warehousing drug offenders instead of attacking what is clearly a health problem. In this last “Me First” quarter of the 20th Century, the era of instant gratification and instant solutions, the real money-makers, including drug dealers, typically produce nothing of substance.

In a 1990 *Wall Street Journal* article, former drug czar William Bennett wrote, “Of course, no one . . . can say with certainty what

would happen in the U.S. if drugs were suddenly to become a readily purchased product. We do know, however, that whenever drugs have been cheaper and more easily obtained, drug use—and addiction—have skyrocketed.” To support his view, Bennett mentioned the geometric increase in heroin addiction in Great Britain when the drug was legally prescribed there, and the increase (350%) in alcohol consumption in America after Prohibition.

What Bennett did not mention was that after legalization the Brits had only sixty-two heroin addicts for every 100,000 people compared to our 209 before-legalization. As you may have guessed already, British addicts, unlike those here, do not commit crimes to get heroin. Subjects of the Queen have broken the connection between addiction and violent crime.

In addition, the effects of Prohibition repeal were overstated by Bennett. Prior to Prohibition pure alcohol consumption per capita was slightly less than two gallons a year. It dropped to nine-tenths during the prohibitive era and rose seventy percent to one and a half gallons after Repeal, hardly a three-and-a-half fold increase.

Also, Bennett did not mention the outcome of decriminalization in the Netherlands, where the number of users actually decreased. It should be noted that, since 1976, the Dutch officially tolerate soft drugs such as marijuana and hashish, vigorously enforce laws against dealing hard drugs, and decriminalize users. In Amsterdam heroin addiction has dropped one-third since 1984. In that same period the average age of addicts has risen from twenty-six to thirty-three, suggesting a reduction in new recruits. Amsterdam is similar to Washington, D.C. in notable areas: Both are capital cities, both are cultural, cosmopolitan centers. Yet, their homicide rates differ sharply. Amsterdam had forty-six murders in 1989; Washington had 438, of which eighty percent were drug-

THE WORLD LAUGHS AT US NOW. THE WORLD IS LAUGHING AT OUR child-like obsession with drugs. They laugh at the way we deal with addicts; they laugh at “The land of the free’s” burgeoning prison populations. South American drug lords, destined to become the richest individuals in history, are laughing at us. We may be clowns, but it’s not that funny.

Should We DRUGS?

opinion by Tommy Thomaso

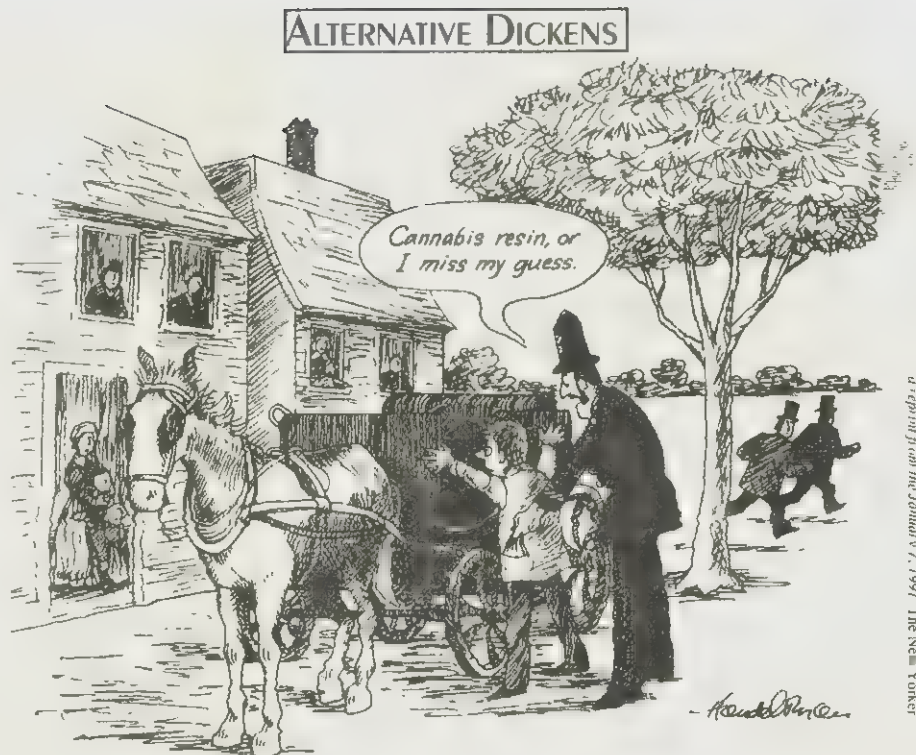
related. Our culture may be intrinsically violent, but I think we could agree that Washington's murder rate, as well as the rest of the country's, would be substantially lower if drugs were legal.

Mr. Bennett didn't consider the reduced number of AIDS cases that would inevitably result from legalization. With a more humane approach to the disease of addiction, dirty needles would become a thing of the past.

Nick Watters, in the August *Harpers Magazine*, talked about a genetic predilection for addictive behavior. According to the study, children of . . . addicts are substantially more likely to become addicted than the general population, environmental factors aside. About a recent Stanton Peele study, James R. Micam, author of *Under the Influence*, said, "Seeing Stanton Peele and other agents of denial of . . . addiction claiming recognition in the national media is like watching the lunatics trying to take over the asylum."

What these contrasts imply is that if our society legalizes drugs it will reduce crime (obviously) and save money. Initially the number of addicts will rise, but not significantly. A 1985 survey of cocaine users who quit voluntarily shows that 42% feared for their health, 24% responded to pressure from family and friends, and 24% thought it was too expensive; the remainder quit because it was against the law. It was estimated that 30 million Americans would be at risk of trying legal cocaine. If we could make the assumption that many people would decide not to use legalized drugs for the same reasons that these experimenters quit, 7.5 million would use the drug because of the lowered price. The estimate that there are now two million cocaine addicts suggests a one-in-thirty chance of addiction through experimentation, which would give us a half-a-million increase in the number of addicts due to legalization. Another poll conducted in Virginia asked 600 people if they would use cocaine if it were legal. Only one percent answered in the affirmative. Over time, as money is shifted from enforcement to education, the percentage of our population addicted will decline and stabilize at some manageable point below current rates.

We recently heard about a drug bust on Utah's I-15, a drug thoroughfare almost as notorious as Florida's I-95. The seizure involved millions of dollars in contraband,



PIP IS FOUND IN POSSESSION OF A CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE

the largest in Utah history. But will it have any effect on local consumption rates? Probably not. Temporarily the price may go up slightly in the area where the drugs were ultimately headed. Local dealers will get richer; the public's attitude will return to normal; and requests for treatment will not increase. The remnants of the Reagan/Bush *War on Drugs* task force will have ammunition to proclaim a victory in its efforts at interdiction, but our society's problems will remain firmly entrenched, while the increased price will add profits to foreign drug lords, who are destined to become the richest individuals in history.

More than one-half of Americans see drugs as our greatest threat, but what I suspect they are concerned about chiefly is the crime illegal drugs generate. (The others, less than one-half, are either Republicans or have their heads in the sand.) This illegal, untaxed activity is worth over \$100 billion dollars a year. That portion not increasing foreign drug lord's coffers ends up in the wrong hands locally. These are not the entrepreneurs who create industry and jobs; they are the ones with the Mercedes, Beamers, and million dollar homes, with only a modest surface source of income or none at all.

In "What To Do with Our Addiction Problem—Waging Peace on Drugs," a September 1993 *Omni* article, Tom Dworetzky wrote, "People from the entire

political spectrum are calling for the legalization of drugs. Others argue that it's both immoral and absurd to legalize substances that are destroying not only individuals, but communities—and that we should 'crack down' harder. No question that drug addiction is the immediate social problem today. The plight of junkies' ruined lives . . . creates its own cancerous underground economy—and nourishes a thriving overground economy we can hardly afford: beefed-up police forces, overcrowded prisons, and understaffed health-care facilities.

"[Many wonder] . . . whether by legalizing drugs we thus condone them. This is a false issue. Drugs are bad; no argument. . . . So perhaps it's time to consider a modest middle way, based on two seemingly contradictory propositions: (1) *Drugs should remain illegal*. Who could possibly advise easy drug access for anyone? The accidents and evils perpetrated while *under the influence* indirectly hold us all captive and infringe on our rights to safety; and (2) *Drugs should be legal*. Why punish those weak-willed or tormented enough to fall into the monkey's grip? Drug addiction is a medical and psychological—not criminal—issue. Junkies have enough problems already."

After resolving these two contradictory concepts, Dworetzky goes on to suggest

Continued on page 35

Roger LeFevre's FELON'S FORUM

FELON'S FORUM IS NOW A REGULAR feature in SouthPoint magazine. It covers topics of interest whether related to prison life or the difficulties when released. Submit your questions to SouthPoint magazine, Wasatch Administration Corridor, given to Roger LeFevre. Your questions are invited and encouraged.

THIS *FELON'S FORUM* TAKES a closer look into college programming. While researching and compiling the information for this edition, I came to the conclusion that college opportunities here in the prison are under publicized. Despite all the positive attributes associated with criminal offenders obtaining secondary or higher education, there is relatively little genuine emphasis or encouragement placed upon educational programming. I am spending my term here at the USP to reflect upon my own life and change course by making choices to improve my chances for a better future. The education programs available here are an excellent way to make a difference in our lives. Many inmates have not explored college, or think that because of a lack of money college is out of their reach. The truth is that being an inmate may actually enhance the opportunity to obtain a college degree. We certainly have the time to dedicate to school, and since our income is limited, the vast majority of us qualify for federally funded Pell Grants. This article will heighten your awareness of the college programs available in the prison.

Many thanks to Jon Marc Taylor who wrote on this subject in the May 1993 issue of *Fortune News*. I also thank college teaching assistants Michael Ballingham and Shane Hochstetler for providing information and input into creating this piece. Both Mike and Shane, as well as Joyce Allen, USU's site coordinator, and Vince Lafferty, director of USU's Com-Net prison sites, are valuable resources for planning a college career and getting started.

Overview

SINCE CRIMINAL OFFENDERS ARE CONSIDERED the black sheep of the societal family,

discussions of our treatment and how we should be punished are relegated to back-room deliberations. A common opinion is that society is too soft on criminals, and that whatever rehabilitation we receive is more than we deserve. An example of this disposition was a Congressional effort to bar inmate eligibility for Pell Grant higher education assistance. Last year both the Senate and the House of Representatives considered legislation prohibiting offenders from qualifying for such aid.

Not until 1953, when the University of Southern Illinois matriculated its first class of inmate-students, did higher education enter the nation's penal institutions. Their radical experiment was slow to take root; by 1965 there were only twelve Post-Secondary Correctional Education (PSCE) programs in the country.

In 1965, however, Congress passed Title IV of the Higher Education Act, which contained the Pell Grant program entitling student-prisoners who met certain criteria to receive financial aid for college-level studies. With this funding PSCE opportunities flourished. By 1973 there were 182 programs; by 1976, 237 programs; and by 1982, the last official count, 350 programs were offered in ninety percent of the states. Yet, with the continued growth of the nation's correctional population, at most ten percent of the country's prisoners were enrolled in PSCE.

Benefits of Prison College Programs

EVEN SO, PRISON OFFICIALS COULD SEE THE effectiveness of these programs. Correctional administrators, facing ever growing numbers of offenders they had to house and control, found that those enrolled in college programs were easier to manage and behaved better than the average prisoner. Moreover, the prisoners in these programs had a calming effect on the rest of the

population and served as positive role models.

What is more compelling is that, beginning in the mid-1970s, studies of inmate college students (especially those earning degrees) revealed that they were returned to prison at much lower rates than non-enrolled prisoners.

In 1983 *Psychology Today* published a study noting "Recidivism... among college classes at New Mexico State Penitentiary between 1967 and 1977 averaged 15.5 percent, while the general population averaged sixty-eight percent recidivism." Other studies have shown that the recidivism rate for college graduates is only about one percent!

The positive reports continue into this decade, with the District of Columbia's Lorton Prison College Program citing recidivism for students of only six percent, compared with an average exceeding forty percent for the general population.

Besides providing substantial savings by reducing the costly rate of recidivism, prison college programs produce educated workers for the economy. Studies in New York and Ohio in the early 1980s, at the height of the Reagan recession, revealed that sixty to seventy-five percent of PSCE graduates were employed compared to forty percent of other parolees in the area. This suggests that the education earned by the offenders favorably influenced employers' decisions in hiring them and offset the social stigma attached to their ex-con status. Parolee unemployment is a prime contributor to recidivism, so any program enhancing an ex-offender's employability benefits the community.

These success stories give added emphasis to these words of former Chief Justice Warren Burger, "We must accept the reality that to confine offenders behind walls without trying to change them is an expensive folly with short-term benefits—winning battles while losing the war."

Along Comes Opposition

ON JULY 30, 1991, SENATOR JESSE HELMS rose to introduce Amendment 938 that read: "No person incarcerated in a federal or state penal institution shall receive any funds appropriated to carry out subpart 1 of part A of Title IV of the Higher Education Act of 1965." Helms fulminated that "American taxpayers are being forced to pay taxes to provide free college tuition for prisoners at a time when so many lawabiding, taxpaying citizens are struggling to find enough money to send their children to college."

On March 26, 1992, Representatives Thomas Coleman and Bart Gordon presented a joint amendment that would prohibit "any individual who is incarcerated in any federal or state penal institution" from qualifying for Pell Grant assistance.

Both amendments, Helms' in the Senate and Coleman-Gordon's in the House, were grounded on two assumptions: (1) that a significant diversion of grants for needy young people to prisoners is occurring, resulting in a large percentage of traditional students failing to receive aid, and (2) that inmate-students are not needy. Both assumptions are false. Only 1.2 percent of the total number of Pell Grants issued went to prisoners. By any stretch of the imagination, this is not a significant diversion of funds.

As for prisoners not being needy, a 1986 Bureau of Justice Statistics bulletin noted that sixty percent of prison inmates had earned less than \$10,000 the year prior to their incarceration. In other words, being below the poverty line, they would have been eligible for educational financial aid had they not been imprisoned.

With African-Americans and Latinos composing fifty-five percent of our country's prison population, and sixty percent of inmates coming from the lowest economic levels of society, and forty-one percent having less than a ninth-grade education compared with sixteen percent of the nation's adult population, there can be little doubt that student-prisoners are needy. The sad reality in the United States today is that PSCE is one of the few remaining means by which minority youth can receive a college education.

Offenders Can Be Pro-Active

WHILE LEGISLATORS DEBATED OVER THE Helms amendment, opposition to it developed. A wide array of institutions,

organizations, and individuals—college presidents and university deans, professional associations and political action committees, friends and family of prisoners as well as prisoners themselves—all organized campaigns and lobbied Congress to vote against the prohibition of Pell Grants for prisoners.

In September 1991 the fourteen universities and nine private colleges that compose New York's Inmate Higher Education Program (IHEP) agreed to form a Political Action Committee (PAC) to oppose the amendments.

This newly formed PAC collected information and circulated it in and out of the New York IHEP association. It also cooperated with other concerned organizations, including Educators for Social Responsibility, The Fortune Society, Literacy Volunteers, Minorities in Corrections, the National Education Association, the NAACP, the New York State Correctional Association, the Coalition for Criminal Justice, PEN, the Urban League, and Wilmington College. Additionally, the PAC contacted the offices of Representatives who sat on the joint Congressional committees and provided them with extensive PSCE data.

Another active group in the fight was the Correctional Education Association (CEA). It is dedicated to serving educators and administrators who provide services to students in correctional settings. CURE (Citizens United for Rehabilitation of Errants) was similarly active. The national office in Washington has extensive contacts with Congressional Representatives and worked closely with Senator Clairbourne Pell's staff.

Across the nation inmate-students also worked to defeat their funding exclusions. On some prison-college campuses, such as in New York State, the faculty and institution staff organized the students' reaction, while on others the students themselves marshaled their response.

The men enrolled in Ball State University's extension program at the Indiana State Reformatory were such a self-motivated group. Members of the prison's debate team utilized the semester's various speech and communications classes, which had enrolled over seventy percent of the 138 member student body, as a forum to get the word out.

With the cooperation of the teaching staff, students in the speech classes fashioned presentations in accordance with the courses' structures to provide information

on the Helms Amendment. These presentations ranged from simple lectures to round-table discussions to mock debates. The students imaginatively employed cost-comparison charts, experts on PSCE and audience participation as debate judges to bring home the point of the value of PSCE and the seriousness of the legislative threat. Other students wrote letters directly to their Congressional Representatives, or to friends and relatives urging them to do so.

The combined efforts of the nation's colleges and universities, professional associations and political action committees, individual voters, as well as the pleas of the prisoners themselves, helped defeat the Helms Amendment in two separate joint committees. The process was repeated against the Coleman-Gordon Amendment.

Making A Difference

THROUGH THIS EFFORT INCARCERATED PERSONS learned they were not powerless. They could lobby Washington politicians just like any other special-interest group. What the men and women who wear numbers on their chests lack in political clout and financial resources, they can make up for in creativity and determination to succeed. Inmates should not be daunted by their circumstances—everyone can make a difference.

Take Advantage of an Opportunity

AFTER ALL THE WORK TO PRESERVE THE BENEFIT of college programming and the availability of Pell Grants for inmate-students, it is surprising that prisoners don't fully appreciate what is available to them and take advantage of the time they're spending in prison to further their education. Because of limited income opportunities while incarcerated, Pell Grants are generally easier to qualify for while in an institution. Once released and earning a regular paycheck, Pell Grants are more difficult to obtain.

The Coleman-Gordon Amendment was defeated. In the Higher Education Reauthorization Act of 1992, Pell Grants for prisoners were retained, with some changes. The most important of these was that grants are available only for tuition and fees, and that prisoners on death row or sentenced to life without parole are ineligible.

NEWS MISCELLANEOUS

LOVE DEFINED

DR. SCOTT PECK'S IDEAS ABOUT DISCIPLINE from his book *The Road Less Traveled* were discussed last issue. Now our attention will turn to love. Peck is a psychiatrist who has written extensively about a new psychology of love, traditional values, and spiritual growth. I think his ideas are refreshing.

"Love is too large, too deep ever to be truly understood or measured or limited within the framework of words," exclaims Peck. With this idea in mind, an attempt to adequately define love is limited. In fact, if you were to ask your closest friends, it is likely you won't get the same definition of love from any two. In an effort to explain the term, love has been categorized into groups like eros (sexual), philia (brotherly), agape (spiritual), perfect and imperfect love, unconditional and fair-weather, and so forth. The definition of love is difficult to universally embrace. It simply means different things to different people.

Peck, however, has arrived at a universal concept that I find endearing. He defines love as "The will to extend one's self for the purpose of nurturing one's own or another's spiritual growth." This defines behavior in terms of a goal or purpose apparently held suspect by scientific types. Nevertheless, Peck claims to have formed his thinking through observation in his clinical psychiatric practice and self-observation. He found that many of his patients are confused by love.

Peck goes on to list four other inherent aspects of love: (1) Love is a circular, evolutionary process. Once you have

successfully extended your individual limits, you have grown to a larger state. The more you extend, the more you grow; (2) Talking about self-love, Peck proclaims, "We cannot forsake our own development in favor of someone else's. We can't be a source of strength unless we nurture our own strength"; (3) Love becomes demonstrable and real through exertion—by taking the extra step or going the extra mile; and (4) "Will" transcends the distinction between desire and action. Desire in itself is not enough to accomplish a task. Will is desire of sufficient intensity that translates into action.

The more you love, the longer you love, the larger you become. Genuine love is replenishing. Some of the words from John Denver's "Love is Everywhere" sums it up nicely:

*Love is everywhere, I see it.
You are all that you can be, go on and be it.
Life is perfect, I believe it.
Come and play the game with me.*

The Road Less Traveled is an excellent self-help resource. Dr. Peck has also authored several other therapeutic books. All of his material is worth reading. Find one of his books and treat yourself to some deeper thinking.—Roger LeFevre

EXHAUST ADMINISTRATIVE REMEDIES

THE PROLIFERATION OF EXTRAORDINARY RELIEF actions brought by inmates in the courts has so overburdened the Utah Attorney General's office that the AG's

standard defense to the lawsuits has become a claim that the inmate has failed to exhaust his or her administrative remedies. While the pertinent case law is divided on whether an inmate must first exhaust any or all such remedies, it makes sense in the spirit of fair-play, and in order to claim that you have done everything possible to resolve a problem before seeking relief in court, that you should follow the administrative procedures established for the resolution of grievances. This rationale holds true for both conditions of confinement complaints or challenges of Utah Board of Pardons and Parole decisions. Follow grievance procedures, or if none are specifically provided, at least write a letter to the offending party and give them a reasonable time to respond (usually between 30 to 90 days, depending upon the nature of the problem). If you get nowhere with this method, then at least you have a paper trail to demonstrate that you have made a sincere attempt to reasonably resolve the problem.—Roger LeFevre

PROPERTY OFFENDERS PROGRAM

EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE TO DEVELOP A NEW property offenders therapy program here at the Utah State Prison. The counseling would be patterned after the successful Northern Utah Theft Reform Program operated by Thomas Beasley, M.Ed., in Ogden. The Program would provide group therapy while you're here in the institution, followed up with out-patient counseling after you are released. At least one member of the Governor's Corrections Advisory Council endorses making this treatment available to inmates. If you could utilize this type of help, send a letter supporting the program to Corrections' Executive Director, O. Lane McCotter, and let him know you'd like to participate.—Roger LeFevre

SCIENCE— THAT ONE THING...

NOT TOO LONG AGO, AUGUST 22 TO BE EXACT, I found myself unable to fall off to sleep as I normally do. I'm sure that some of you had the same problem, inasmuch as meatloaf was served for dinner that evening.

I was deeply engrossed in thoughts of science. I was considering images of my girlfriend scuba-diving, and buoyancy factors of globes immersed in a liquid,

when I heard over the radio that our (America's, you know—the good-guys) Mars Observer Spacecraft was experiencing technical difficulties. I was beside myself at this news. . . . I'm not sure who was on the other side of me, but I am sure that I was beside myself.

It seems that the Electro-Redundancy-Back-Up circuit had failed during the course-retasking-sequence. To you and me, that means this billion dollar craft's Mr. Coffee did not turn on FM 100 and begin brewing NASA's morning cup of fine Columbian. How had this happened? Who was responsible? And where are the six Butterfingers I left in my desk last weekend?

Well, even though luck wasn't with me, Tom Ossana was! Tom has helped me on any number of occasions, none that I can recall at this moment, but I'm sure he has at one time or another, or so he tells me.

After all, it was Tom who informed me that Bosnia-Herzegovina was not, "A bullet hurts when it goes in ya," terms I nearly embarrassed myself with during a recent eco-political debate in the showers. Tom was also instrumental in clearing up the controversy stemming from a recent disappearance of Debbie Cakes in the *SouthPoint* office. Ossana explained, "It's like that one place . . . you know the Panama Triangle. The gravitational field of the area is such that it actually sucks confection-like substances into a nebula's *brown hole!*"

I asked Tom what was up with that Mars Probe. He blushed and told me that he had returned that copy of *Penthouse* to its owner. At that point I asked *SouthPoint* staffer Roger LaFluvian what he thought. He said that he thought we were having those yummy meat patties for dinner. His comments were rounded out by those of sports reporter Mark M., who felt we should "beat their dumb scientist @#\$\$'s into the dirt." I'm pleased to report that the staff's medications have been reevaluated and, for the most part, they are doing well, with no fires mentioned by block officers in the last week.

Now, able to marshal the remarkable intellectual omnipotence of our office staff, I feel it's time to set those NASA lackeys and wunderkinds straight. I'm also of the opinion that (after consultation with the offices of S. Boothe & Associates) it is no longer appropriate to refer to bright people as "rocket scientists"; rather, the term should be used in conjunction with those individuals who have less than distinguished themselves during their

course of intellectual endeavors. When a school teacher is trying to break the bad news of a child's limited IQ to an apprehensive parent, he or she could simply say, "I'm sorry, but it appears little Roger is something of a rocket scientist."

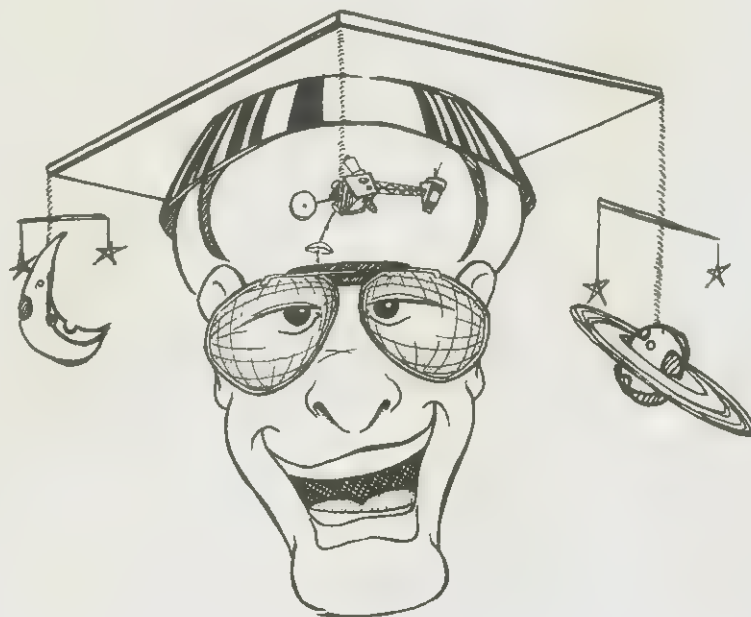
Let's look at the question of expense, not that any of us really care. It takes the heat off corrections, for a minute, when the nation's space wizards can't get their billion dollar brownie to click off a few snap shots for the eggheads back home. A billion dollars. What does that really mean to the average man locked behind bars? Well, it's 256 million cases of Lil' Debbie Swiss Curl Cakes or Jack Nicholson's fee for appearing in a 90 minute feature film. We could also place all those dollars into perspective by thinking of them as being losing poker-hands. It would represent Rick Ricci on a losing streak for approximately 30,256 years . . . so this would mean Rick is two weeks away from this target.

Another thought occurred to me as I pondered the 236 packs of smokes I owe Tom for the candy bar I borrowed from him at the first of the month—the possibility of some sort of space-cam-scam. Yup, we the people could be the multi-million butts of some NASA accountant's interstellar hook-job. I examined high-resolution photographs of the launch vehicle as it carried the Mars Probe into space; after close scrutiny and analysis, I was able to make out the words "Battle Star Gallactica" along the fuselage of the craft. I spoke to a high ranking NASA official about this. He

said I was way off base, and that such a allegation was without foundation. I was a little hurt until I took into account that he spoke to me from his fifty-seven bedroom villa on a private island he recently purchased in cash off the southern coast of France. Call me a hopeless paranoid (and all of my doctors have), but something about that conversation still seems suspicious.

Perhaps it's time we consider using less sophisticated types of recovery systems for these ultra-expensive space-do-hickeys. I'm confident that a good quality 200 lb. test fish line could be tied to the rear bumper of craft such as the Mars Non-Stop. Then, when it failed to do that one thing, we could just reel that bad boy in. Maybe it's time we took another look at what the American people want from our space program. If it's neat pictures from another planet we'll never be able to visit or gain any economic resource from, then why don't we have Industrial Lights & Magic, the folks who made *Star Wars* and *Jurassic Park*, throw together a few hundred million bucks worth of space footage? We'd be big bucks ahead and we could even have them work a few green, busty, Martian bimbettes into the shots for a few laughs. I mean really, who's going to know the difference?

The picture I've painted is not a pretty one, but it's one hell of a lot clearer than any one you will be receiving from the Hubble telescope or the Mars Spacecraft.—
Dean Christensen



MR. SCIENCE

THE SWEAT LODGE

TOM OSSANA AND I RECENTLY HAD THE opportunity to attend an opening ceremony of the Sweat Lodge and become better acquainted with the spirit-building rituals of some of USP's Native Americans.

Mike Etsitty, the native's volunteer spiritual leader (more commonly known as the Medicine Man), has now participated in his 17th Prayer Meeting. He began fellowshipping twelve-and-a-half years ago when he organized the Native American Church of the Wasatch Front located in West Jordan. Mike spends a lot of time communing with Native Americans in prisons and at special conferences—much like religious leaders of other faiths support their followers while they are incarcerated. Other volunteers, like Robert W. Doren (a Lokota Indian from South Dakota), also travel to spend time worshipping with their brothers who are serving time in prisons.

The Sweat Lodge at the Utah State Prison became a reality in July 1989 after a court order mandated the right to religious worship of choice for incarcerated Native Americans. Some of the shakers who helped get the Sweat Lodge opened at the USP were George Royball, Robert Dunn (Graywolf), John Bahe, Dino Patterson, Martin Ish, Jim Gray, and Jeff Barfuss. They describe a long struggle to win the right to worship in the Lodge but express thanks to Lynn Waller of Volunteer Services, EMRS Delores Velasquez, and Chaplain Dave Wilson for their efforts in establishing the Sweat Lodge.

The Lodge opens ritualistically each Saturday year-round with the exact ceremony. A large fire is built to heat rocks used in the Lodge to generate steam from spirit water. Participants bring items such as their medicine bags, eagle feathers, and other personal things that are placed on the Sweat Lodge Altar to receive blessings from the Great Spirit. After all the preparations are complete for the day, including covering the Lodge frame with layers of blankets, the worshippers enter the Sweat Lodge. There they meditate, chant and sing, and smoke the traditionally known peace pipe, which here at the prison contains special Indian tobacco made from tree bark, cedar, and other herbs. The conventional Peyote cannot be utilized here. The smoke from the red rock pipe rising to the heavens symbolizes the blood sacrifice of the people ascending to the Great Spirit. Indian worship is steeped in symbolism

and many rituals. The ceremony at USP's Sweat Lodge is mostly traditional Navaho. In fact, Lenny Foster, a spiritual advisor and head of the Navajo Nation's Corrections Project, attended the recent fourth anniversary ceremony of the USP Sweat Lodge. However, there are several different Indian tribes represented at the weekly ceremony in addition to the Navajo, including Comanche, Kaiwa, Apache, Blackfoot, and Sioux. Each Saturday these brothers come together to worship as their ancestors have done for many years.

To close this article, Robert Dunn (Graywolf) has asked that we share an American Indian prayer.—Roger LeFevre

*O Great Spirit, whose voice I hear
in the winds and whose breath gives
life to all the world.*

*Hear Me! I am small and weak; I
need your strength and wisdom. Let
me walk in beauty and make my eyes
ever behold the red and purple sunset.*

*Make my hands respect the things
you have made me; My ears sharp to
hear your voice. Make me wise so that
I may understand the things you have
taught, not to be greater than my
friend, but to fight my greatest enemy—
myself.*

*Make me always ready to come to
you with clean hands and straight
eyes—so when life fades, as the fading
sun, may my spirit come to you without
shame.*

GARDEN STORY

THE OTHER MORNING I HAD THE PLEASURE OF visiting the Greenhouses by the Wasatch softball field and was taken on an extensive tour of the garden area. Being a diligent reporter I felt it was my duty to do research on the quantity, quality, and flavor of the fruits and vegetables prolifically produced by the prodigious plants. It was a duty from which I extracted great pleasure.

David Sheppard is the garden coordinator. He works closely with Roger Brechlin, the Greenhouse coordinator, and Bill Freeman, the clerk, to keep fourteen full time inmate workers busy producing more than twenty-five tons of produce. Twenty-five tons! That's fifty thousand pounds of tomatoes, carrots, onions, peppers, radishes, peas, corn, herbs, melons, cabbage, zucchini, horseradish, squash, potatoes, and enormous pumpkins. My personal research included samplings of all of the above, plus peaches, plums, and nectarines.

The garden project was started in 1984 as an addition to the Greenhouse program with the bulk of the produce being sent to the Utah Food Bank (UFB). Elmer Knowles was instrumental in getting the garden project established as a permanent part of the program. That first year the UFB accepted just over fifteen hundred pounds of produce. Today there are more than two and a half acres of producing gardens sending more than twenty thousand pounds of vegetables to the UFB and other charitable organizations. Approximately twenty thousand pounds of produce are delivered to the USP kitchen for our consumption. Fresh vegetables from the garden beat the canned varieties any day. The kitchen is given the first option on the ripened produce. What they cannot use is then distributed to the organizations noted for distribution.

Each year hundreds of handicapped children enjoy carving huge pumpkins that are grown specifically for them at the USP gardens. I've never seen pumpkins to match the size, color, and shape of these Halloween masterpieces. More than one thousand pumpkins find their way into the hands of delighted children. If the workers



Garden crew members, left to right, Roger Brechlin, Charles Crick, and David P. Sheppard



Above, Greenhouse leadman, David P. Sheppard, proudly displays his wares for Photo Shop's Thresa. Left, another leadman, Roger Brechlin, explains the workings of the Greenhouse's fishing pond to SPM's Tom Ossana and Roger LeFevre.

accomplished nothing else, this alone would justify the garden.

For now, the work in the garden is seasonal. The crew will finish harvesting the produce around the middle of October and then prepare the ground for the winter months. In November they will plow the ground, turning the soil and mixing in compost. David Sheppard told me that nothing is wasted. All of the vines, stems, leaves, and roots of the plants are returned to the soil as compost. No artificial fertilizers or insecticides are used. Everything in the growing process is strictly natural.

In April the crew again plows the garden and begins digging the trenches and making the furrows. As weather permits, seeds are

planted and the process of production starts anew. Plans are being drawn now for a series of greenhouses that will make it possible for the garden crew to germinate the seeds and grow the plants during the winter months that will be transplanted into the garden in the spring and

summer months. This would make the garden a year around project, with continuous instead of seasonal employment. I have returned to the garden area several times during the past two weeks for a continuing course of intense research. I may need to go to clothing issue for some larger jeans. At any rate, the men in the garden deserve appreciation for the tremendous work they do. Keep up the good work; I'll be back for more research as the harvesting continues—*Craig Leavitt*

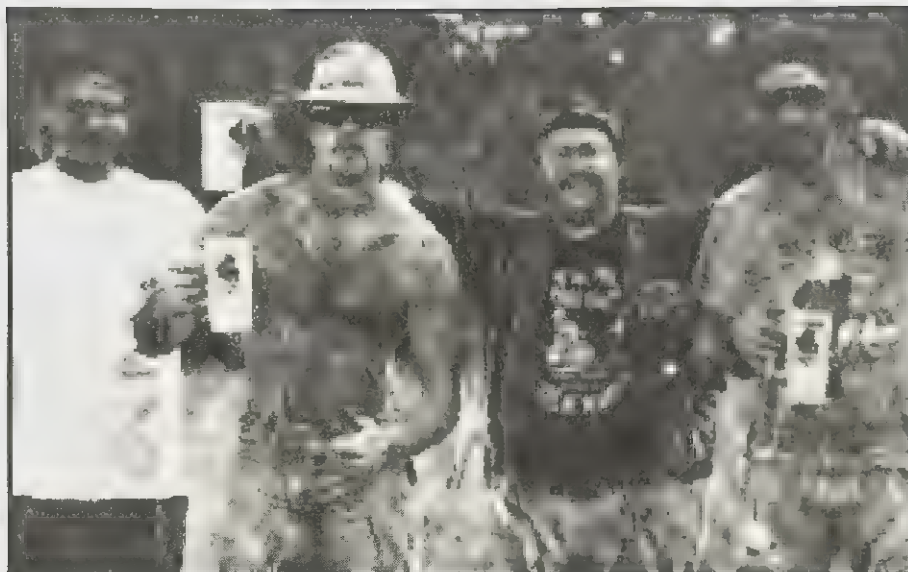
OQUIRRH SOFTBALL GROUNDS CREW

WHEN THE PLAYERS TAKE THE FIELD, THERE is little thought of much more than hits, runs, and errors. Long before the game starts, however, Dennis Busby and his crew of grass masters have dragged, raked, sprinkled the diamond, and filled in the holes around the bases.

The grounds crew has the responsibility of the entire southwest corner of the Oquirrh main yard, which includes taking care of the softball diamond, maintaining the grass around the diamond, and keeping the area free of litter and debris. The grass masters work six days a week to make sure that the facility is in top condition for the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday night games. Infielders can't blame errors on bad hops, because there aren't any spots that haven't been leveled, releveled, and leveled again. It's a tough job, but a job well done. A tip of the hat to Dennis Busby and his crew.—*Craig Leavitt*



The Oquirrh Softball Grounds Crew, left to right, Ralph Sharp, Rex Rawlings, Dean Rottini, Carl Olsen, Brent Levorsen, Bert Berrett, Dennis Busby, and Brett Shunway



DOUG DELONG found this photograph of Officer BART OAKLEY and cohorts in a recent edition of *Biker Magazine*.

LEGAL RESOURCES

SOUTHPOINT MAGAZINE OFTEN GETS SPECIFIC requests for legal information. The following publications and organizations may be generally helpful to you in answering the most commonly asked questions. Some of the information is available at no charge, while in other cases there is a relatively nominal cost. You should remember, however, that your circumstances are individual and legal advice should be sought from the most competent sources possible.

The National Prison Project Journal

This is a quarterly journal featuring articles, reports, legal analysis, legislative news, and other developments in the corrections and criminal justice fields, including reviews of recent federal court decisions. It is available from the National Prison Project (\$2 for prisoners), 1875 Connecticut Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20009.

Southern Coalition Report on Jails and Prisons

P.O. Box 120044, Nashville, TN 37212
Free to prisoners.

The Post-Conviction Remedies Self-Help Manual

This manual explains the procedures related to handling a post-conviction case, and the challenges that may be raised. It includes over 20 chapters of information for criminal defendants who want to

challenge their convictions. Available from Oceana Publications, Inc. (\$16.50)
75 Main St. Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.

A Jailhouse Lawyer's Manual

This manual was produced by the staff of the Columbia Human Rights Law Review. It addresses primarily New York prisoners and is based on New York state law, but it has sections that are pertinent for all prisoners. These sections include a chapter on the preparation of federal civil rights actions and one on federal habeas corpus. It is available from Columbia Human Rights Law Review (\$8.00 for prisoners), Box B25, Columbia University School of Law, 435 West 116th St. New York, NY 10025

The Law of Corrections and Prisoner's Rights in a Nutshell

Author Sheldon Krantz provides an overview of the sentencing process, the status of pre-trial detainees and convicted offenders, prisoner's rights and responsibilities, and a chapter on prisoner's remedies. The book ends with a chapter on the restoration of rights for released offenders. Available from West Publishing Company (\$14.95) 1500 W. Kellogg Blvd. P.O. Box 64526, St. Paul, MN 55164

CPR Newsletter

(Coalition for Prisoner's Rights)
P.O. Box 1911, Santa Fe, NM. 87501.
Free to prisoners and their families.

Redbook Store—Prison Book Program
The Prison Book Program at the Redbook

Store sends free reading material on a range of subjects to prisoners all over the country. They usually offer a large selection of books. Also, they are interested in prisoners who draw and write poetry. The organization is small so responses may take as long as four to six months. Please contact them for more information and a resource list at: 92 Green Street, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130.

National Committee on U.S. Corrections
P.O. Box 308
Farmington, MI 48332
\$3 per issue

Beyond Prison Walls

P.O. Box 4167
Halfmoon, NY 12065
\$1.50 per issue

RUSS TALKS WITH DON BAHR

OVER THE YEARS MANY OF YOU HAVE BECOME familiar with a man by the name of Don Bahr. He has worked at the Point for ten years as a therapist, helping people deal with their drug and alcohol problems. He has an impressive background, including a masters degree in Social Work and a bachelors degree in Political Science and Speech. He has been involved in social work for 30 years.

He worked for five years in the forensic unit at the State Hospital assisting in evaluations for the courts. He went on to the State Division of Alcohol and Drugs, monitoring all of the drug and alcohol programs throughout the state. He also spent a short time with Rural Mental Health in central Utah before coming to the prison.

When he arrived at the prison in March of 1984, he had the same positive attitude he maintains today, combined with a strong desire to help others overcome the hurdles they face in their lives. Don has worked in Max, B-North, the Insight Program, SSD Revamp, Lone Peak, D-Block, C-Block, and 288; he has put his knowledge and skill to good use in almost every area of the prison. He is currently conducting groups at the Oquirrh, Lone Peak, and 288. If your housing and level allow, look into attending one of Don's informative and interesting groups. It would be well worth your while!

As we talked, Don related his thoughts on substance abuse, and how people might be able to overcome their addiction. "You

need to define the problem," Don said, and decide the best way to deal with the situation. If not, at least learn how to live with it. There are no magic words. People make the decisions that affect their lives, and they also have the solutions that will help them."

He is genuinely happy when he can see someone making progress toward living a happier and healthier life. "Don't judge failure," he says, "because in order to succeed, it takes different things for different people."

After we had finished talking, I thanked Don, and as I walked away, I was thinking that we, the guests here at the Draper Hilton, should consider ourselves very lucky to have someone like Don Bahr helping us deal with our problems. He has conquered many problems in his own life, and now he is more than willing to help others. We would indeed be fortunate to have more people as interested in our success as Don.—*Russ Hoffmann*

THE CHANGELING

A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE HELPED ME WITH a very important piece of my life's puzzle a few weeks ago. He talked of spirituality and being in tune with myself and God. He talked about VOR (Very high frequency Omnidirectional Radio) used by almost all pilots. He said VOR stations in various parts of the country send out radio signals in a radius of 360 degrees. A pilot selects a radial to follow to and from the airport station. The plane's VOR equipment then indicates whether he is flying on or off course. If the dial in the pilot's plane is tuned into the ground VOR station, then with faith, patience, and practice the pilot should maintain proper course even if a sudden squish should appear.

In my recovery program I am now dealing more on a conscious level in changing my thoughts, behaviors, and environments. I still adjust my VOR, or my spirituality, hourly, and sometimes it is a minute by minute, or very intense countdown until I readjust. I pull down and out of the clouds, refocus, readjust, and simply plane out until I am in the conscious level.

Twenty-four months ago at the beginning of my treatment, my thinking was that I am a Christian now, and since I have to walk with God, I don't need treatment because I am saved and I am forgiven. Through treatment comes change. This type of thinking attempts to excuse me from personal responsibility by using my God inappropriately. I see now my higher power is for my comfort and my inspiration, not to destroy me.

I want to make sure I understand what my spirituality is and what it can do for me. However, I believe I can be misguided if I am out of tune with my VOR and begin to be dishonest with the connections between me and my higher power. Connections being my self control and self discipline, which are evaluated daily, conscientiously.

I have leaned on my higher power for a crutch for many years because I didn't allow change at the conscious level. I wondered how I could change my unconscious behaviors when I couldn't see them.

I have to be thankful daily to my higher power for granting me the ability to accept the things that I cannot change, the courage to accept the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

For me the courage to begin change was fear; to overcome fear took courage. What I couldn't see was the subliminal messages that have appeared to me in my unconscious and focused on my conscious level. Rock and roll music is very bad for me. It brought immediate gratification, such as adrenaline rushes, but what I couldn't see was the self-destructive messages my unconscious was receiving constantly, feeding into my addiction.

Down to the clothes that I wore daily, rock and roll music was devastating and destructive at the unconscious level. Now that I am aware consciously, I am beginning to be protective in all aspects of my life.

In the past I was on co-pilot or under my unconscious behavior and never quite established a solid foundation for my conscious abilities. To control my conscious thoughts, now I know that I must stay off co-pilot to stay away from my addiction and remain in tune with my higher power. My recovery continues through rigorous honesty, which controls my compulsive behaviors. This is done day-to-day and on the principle of spiritual progress, rather than by spiritual perfection.

We all have a VOR or higher power in our lives, and periodically we need to adjust our thinking to keep us on course.—*Richard Thompson*



DIVINELY GRANTED TALENTS

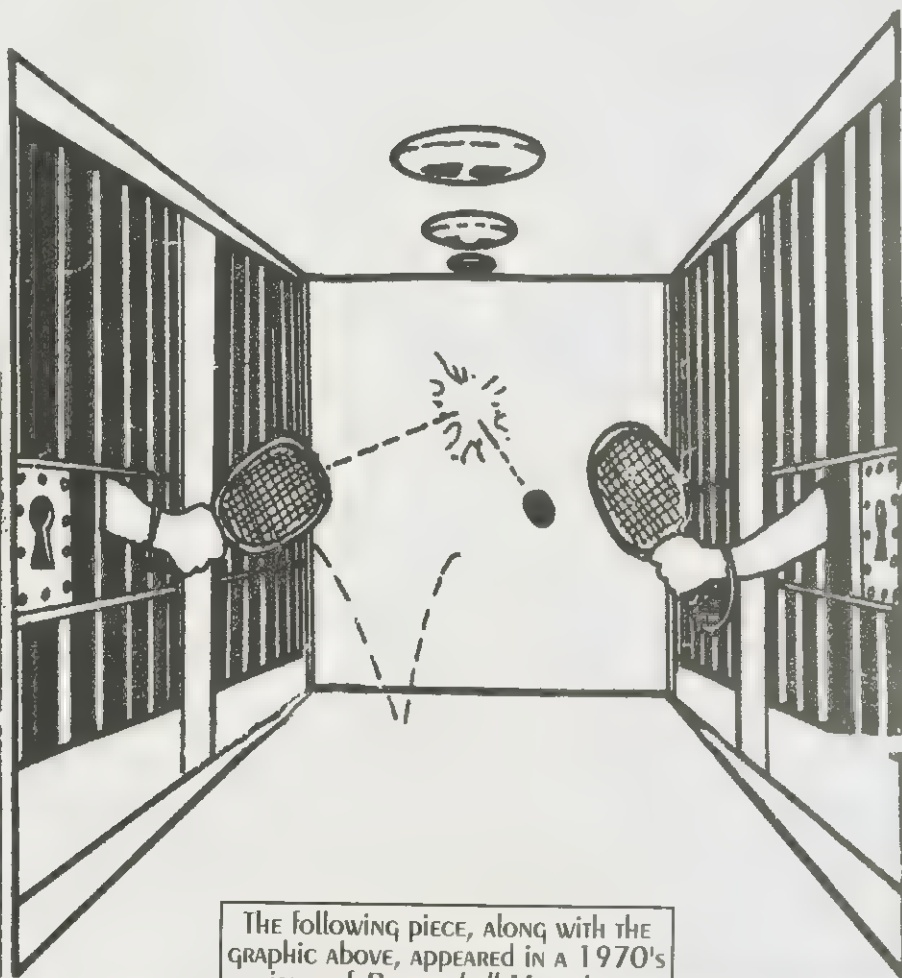
AS HUMAN BEINGS WE ARE ALL INSTRUMENTS of God. We all play in the same symphony of life, and to the same degree we are all blessed with different talents. To fully utilize these talents is to fulfill the mission assigned to us in this life. We all come from God and return to God, and He wouldn't be all-loving and all-merciful if He had not given us the means at our creation to also return to Him at our worldly life's conclusion. Our blessings, our own individual talents, are the "means" of doing His will, completing the mission He assigns to each and every one of us. We are the recipients of a most precious blessing, a variety of our own individual talents, and, as in the parable in Matthew 25:15, and again in Luke 19:13, we are expected to return to God with interest accrued, which comes from full use of these talents. In this parable the talents are in the form of a monetary sense of the word, yet an analogy of this parable is most obvious. We will receive a reward for the utilization of these talents to our fullest, especially when they are used for other's benefit and pleasure. I do not speak of only the earthly reward that comes back to us in numerous ways, but a heavenly reward as well. To live our lives for God's greater glory is also to utilize the means—to utilize the blessings He has given us. Please don't misinterpret this to mean we can all become millionaires and live in palatial homes if we follow this observation, for that is not in God's plan. He has a vast vineyard to be kept, and a universe to run. Each of us helps in numerous ways in the upkeep of this vast operation. Faith in this and our creator should be the very foundation upon which we work and build, using our blessings during our mortal lives. We cannot be envious or jealous of others' talents, for then we are not free within ourselves. These God given blessings we call talents carry a responsibility also, one that we must meet with love in our hearts and gratitude for being given the opportunities presented to us to serve Him and all others above ourselves. According to His great plan we all can develop regardless of color, ethnicity, or station in our lives. In the first Pauline Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter 12, verse 7, Paul wrote: "But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit with." He goes on to compare various talents to separate parts of the same

RACQUETBALL AT THE USP

Robledo says he has enjoyed singles handball over the past eighteen months and admits that Gunnison is the place for programming because the facility offers better college courses, musical classes, and the availability of computer programming education. After achieving a level six, Joe asked for a transfer to the Wasatch facility to seek out better competition. Joe says, "I like to spend my time chasing and killing a ball. I'm OK at tennis, good at handball, but not so good on the kill shots at racquetball! So as long as I'm back in prison, I'll get myself back in shape. Hopefully many others have the

same frame of mind. Exercise and staying fit enables you to gain a better perspective of yourself and society in general. Believe me, I did it for ten years and this time around I plan to do it for the rest of my life out there! Man is a future-oriented creature. It's up to you alone to cultivate that germ of ambition that lies within you. All of us possess a will that motivates us to act, so let your muscles serve as an expression to your victorious will and your glorious reason. Use courage and

persistence against odds (in prison) to create your own success. Without money, education, and prominent family name, you have to depend on your body and mind. The more hours and time you devote to exercise, the more you struggle, the more you fight against resistance and obstacles, the better you will get and the more it will pay off for other activities later in life. So, give it all you've got!"—*Joe Robledo with Roger LeFevre*



The following piece, along with the graphic above, appeared in a 1970's issue of *RACQUETBALL MAGAZINE*.

Racquetball in Prison

Prison inmate Joe Robledo (known as Joe Hernandez to his friends in Texas) is trying to start a racquetball club at Utah State Prison in Draper, Utah.

Robledo spent three years in prison (1972-75) on possession of marijuana at which time he learned how to play racquetball from another inmate, David "Big Boy" Rogers. Rogers progressed to A level and won many tournaments.

"I started playing in my own mind," says Robledo. "I was a federal fugitive," says Rogers. "I was in Utah State Prison for five years."

Hogan, the inmate who made it to M-10, says he met Robledo while working with him again in Tempe."

But as for now, he just plays handball on the prison's one-walled court and sits

MEMORIES

by Jeff Jardine

My love for you
will never die;
it's as endless as
the clear blue sky.

Your eyes are like
a summer night,
sometimes dark
and sometimes bright.

Your hair is blond
and silky smooth;
I love to run my
fingers through it.

Your lips so soft
and sweet to taste;
I love to kiss them
when we embrace.

Your touch is tender
and yet so strong;
I want to feel it around
me all day long.

I cry for you.
I need your touch.
living in your memories
they mean so much.

My love is deep
and real and true,
flowing from this poem
of mine to you!

THOUGHTS OF YOU

Bryan K. Trone

Thoughts of you fill my head,
Remembering the times we've shared;
The things we did that meant so much.
Thoughts of your sweet loving voice
And the care behind each tender touch,
Picturing you in dim candle light,
Pulling you near and holding you tight.
Thoughts of the love that we long to share,
If only prison would let me be there.
I know how true we'll always be,
And that's why I long to have you next to me.
For I love you, and this is plain to see.



REMEMBER

Gary Wilson Simmons

How can life be so short
And a day be so long?
I wish we were together;
My love for you is so strong.

We lie alone in the darkness,
So distant yet so near.
I whisper, "_____ I love you,"
And it comes out in a tear.
I close my eyes
And dream of the things we used to do;
It's the only thing that makes
All this worth going through.
At times it's hard to be happy,
And it's so easy to be sad,
But try to think of things we'll share
And it won't hurt as bad.

Father please walk with her,
Two footprints in the sand,
Until the day that we will be
Together,
Forever
Hand in hand.

MASTERPIECE

by John Kragh

And so:
God created earth,
From the heavens and the stars,
He so created life,
With his warm and gently heart.
He so created a masterpiece.

And so
God created love
From the rivers and the streams
He so created hope
With the magic of his dreams.
He so created a masterpiece.

And the dusk that crept up
At the mountain's far side—
To the moon and the ocean,
The motion of time—
He so created a masterpiece.

Yet all of his wonders,
Majestic or small,
Can't match his greatest
Masterpiece of all:
He so created
You.

P

O

E

T

R

Y



TRIVIA MANIA

Movies—
Let's Go To the Movies

108. Peter Bogdanovich directed this film about a small Texas town in the 50s and a young boy who grows up there.

109. Dana Wynter and Kevin McCarthy star in this tale of space creatures who invade human bodies in an attempt to take over the world.

110. Paul Muni portrays Mexico's greatest hero, lawyer, and statesman in this film.

111. Deborah Kerr tutors the children of the King of Siam in this musical. **BONUS QUESTION:** Yul Brynner played the King in this musical; who played the opinionated monarch in the non-musical, 1948, version?

112. He directed the thriller, *Lady from Shanghai*, with Rita Hayworth. He also stars in it.

113. Robert Morse and Michelle Lee star in this "instruction" musical on how to quickly climb the corporate ladder.

114. Paul Newman has no regard for anything, which leads him into direct conflict with his iron-willed father, Melvyn Douglas in this movie.

115. Red Skelton as a zany presser falls for Eleanor Powell in this comedy.

116. Susan Hayward portrays a real-life crook, Barbara Graham, who was sent to the gas chamber. Ms. Hayward won an Oscar for her performance.

117. Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart star in this drama of a killer and the ensuing manhunt.

118. Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby dance and sing their way through Irving Berlin's songs in this musical about a hotel.

119. Tony Curtis stars as the world's greatest magician and escape artist in this film.

120. Widower Cary Grant hires Sophia Loren as a housekeeper and babysitter in this sophisticated comedy.

121. Elaine May directed this comedy about a newly married couple whose marriage disintegrates on their honeymoon thanks to Cybill Shepherd. Charles Grodin and Jeannie Berlin are the couple.

122. Shirley Temple has the title role in this classic Swiss tale of a mountain girl who cannot survive in the city.

123. Gene Kelly directed this musical, with Barbara Streisand as a marriage broker and Walter Matthau as the buyer.

124. Gary Cooper is on his own in this western about a sheriff unable to get any help when a gang of outlaws come to kill him.

125. James Garner and Richard Attenborough star in this movie about allied POWs during WWII. One of the highlights is Steve McQueen's motorcycle-escape scene.

126. Robert Redford stars as an aerial stunt-pilot in the 1920s who regrets missing WWI.

127. Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas join forces as Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday to rid Tombstone of the notorious Clanton gang.

128. Gregory Peck, David Niven, and Anthony Quinn head the all-star cast in this war thriller. The plot revolves around the allied destruction of the Germans' most heavily-fortified Aegean defense posts.

129. Elvis and Shelly Fabrares fall in love in Fort Lauderdale during her college vacation.

130. June Allison and Jimmy Stewart star in this story of the originator of the big band sound.

131. Charlie Chaplin ends up eating his shoe in this comedy-classic set in the Klondike.

132. Marlene Dietrich is a gypsy who hides British spy Ray Milland in this comedy/adventure film.

133. Ali MacGraw and Richard Benjamin both debuted in this Philip Roth story of a Jewish dropout in love with a country club girl.

134. Norma Shearer had the title role in this costume drama about the court of Louis XVI. Robert Morley was the Sun King, and Tyrone Power co-starred as Ms. Shearer's romantic interest.

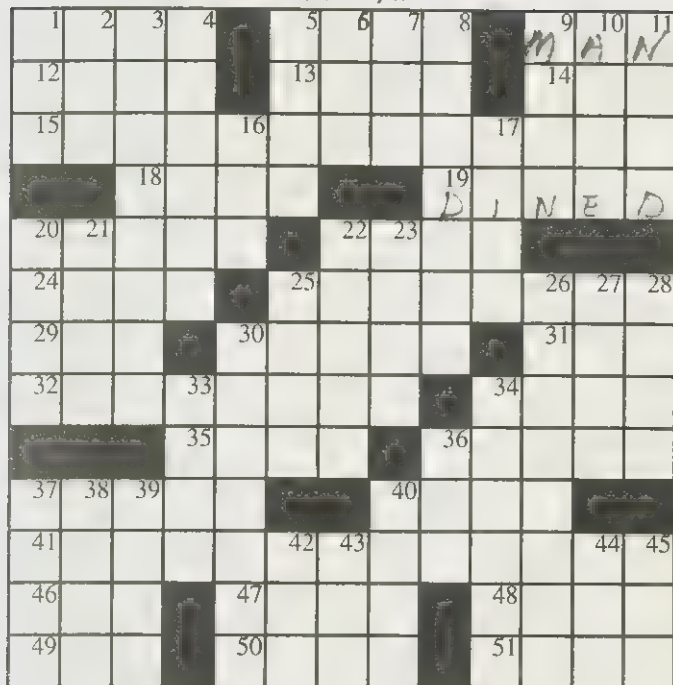
135. Lynn Redgrave had her first starring role as a shy, ugly English girl who "lives" through the exciting lives of others.

136. Tom Ewell, Jane Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien star in this story of washed-up promotor, a gangster, and a girl who becomes a star in spite of everything. Little Richard and Eddie Cochran make guest appearances.

137. Clifton Webb and Edmund Gwenn are bored angels who save a mortal couple's marriage in this film.

138. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman star in Hemingway's story of people involved in the Spanish Civil War.

EASY c/w

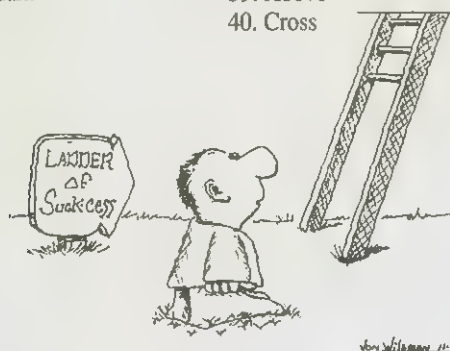


Across

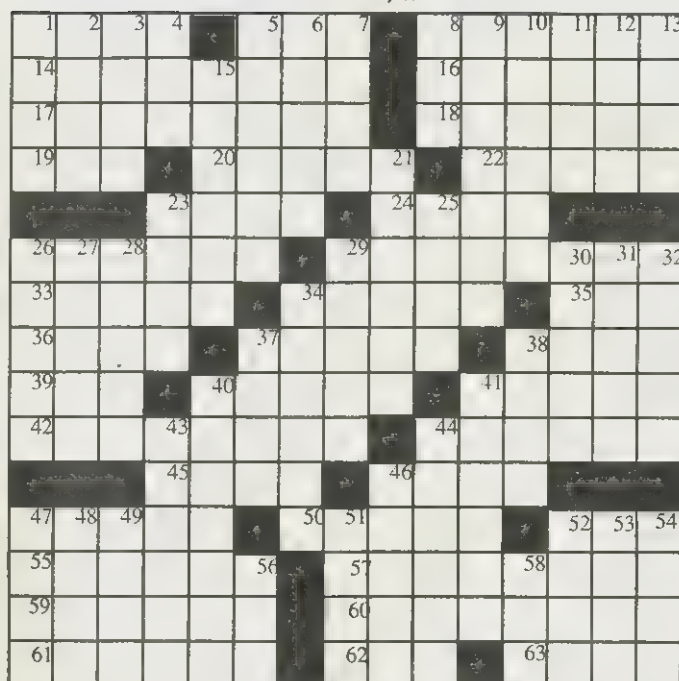
1. Sour
5. Baseball great
9. _____ overboard!
12. Austrian river
13. Taj Mahal site
14. One-spot
15. It saves nine: 4 wds.
18. Throb
19. Wined and _____
20. "Robinson Crusoe" author
22. Play part
24. Prepare for print
25. Mighty
29. Moslem officer
30. Summons
31. Mineral deposit
32. Plunders
34. Gears
35. Large bases
36. Hotel prices
37. Gather
40. Feels under the weather
41. Rolling stone's fate: 3 wds.
46. Kind of maniac
47. Seized
48. Great Lake
49. Drink slowly
50. Son of Adam

Down

1. Juan's aunt
2. Balaam's beast
3. Almond cordials
4. Knitted cloth
5. Speed contest
6. Expression of disgust
7. Three: prefix
8. Cbers' names
9. Principal
10. Summit
11. Requirement
16. Definite article
17. Row
20. _____ End Kids
21. "The Razor's _____"
22. Makes barrels move
23. Nocturnal birds
25. French bread
26. Weary from walking
27. Inclination
28. Not as much
30. Support garments
33. Word on a door
34. Soothed
36. _____ de Janiero
37. "Rock of _____"
38. Star followers
39. Above
40. Cross



HARD c/w

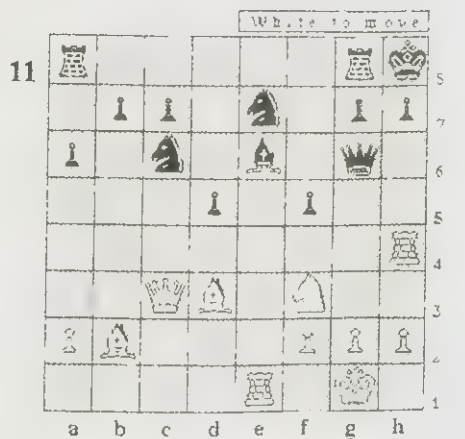
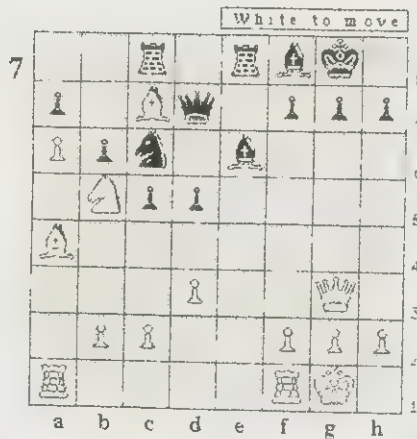
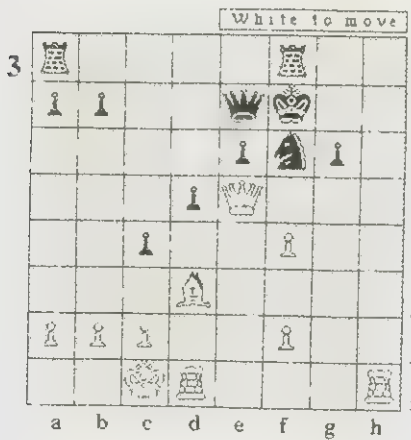
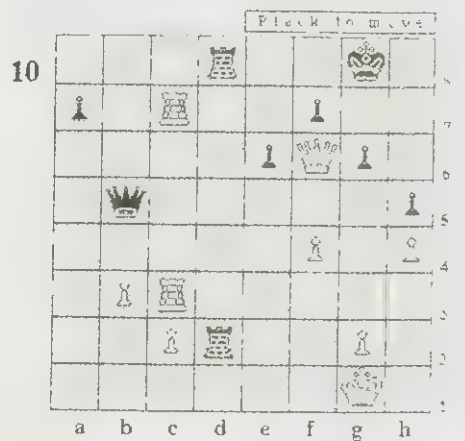
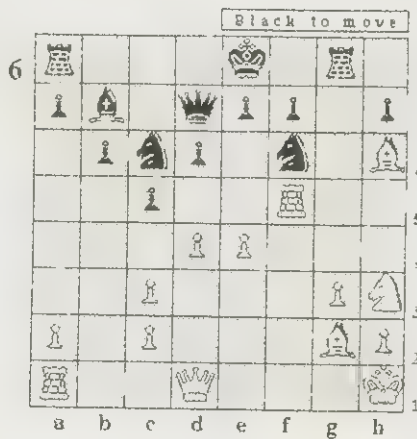
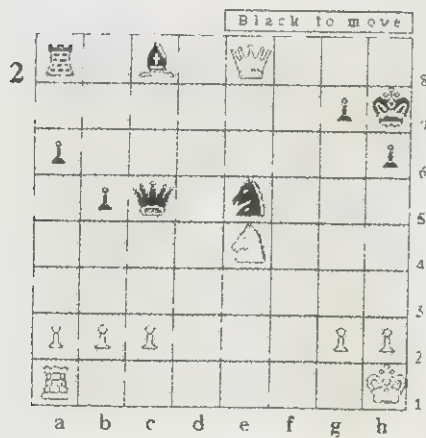
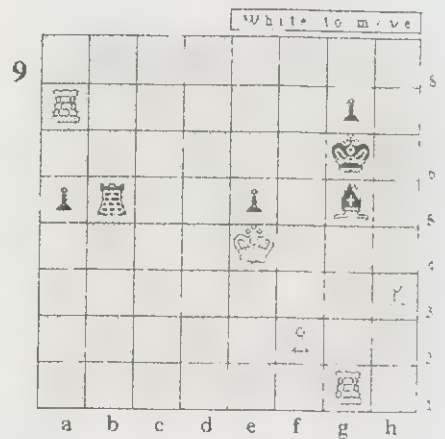
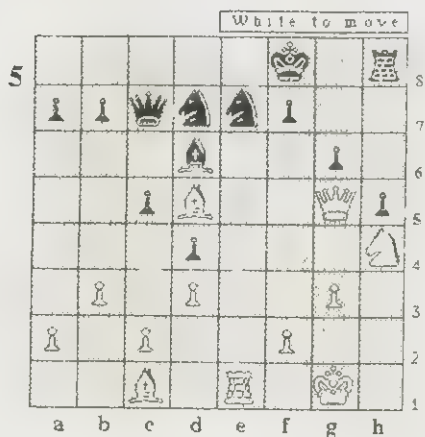
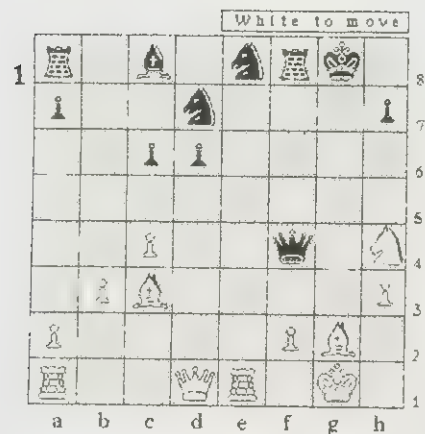
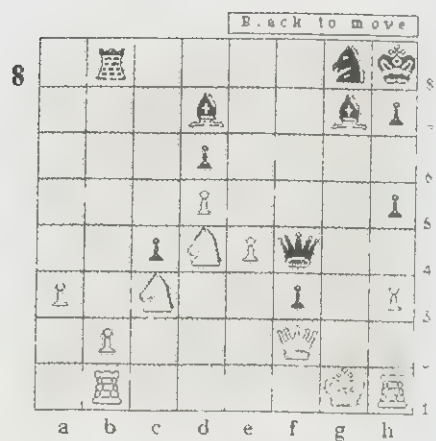
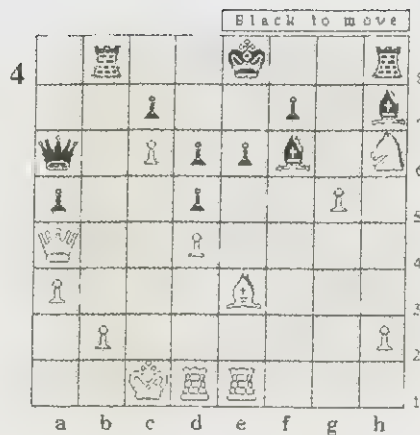


Across

1. Large moth
5. Owns
8. Desert in northeast Sudan
14. Short saying
16. Lack of muscle coordination
17. Hemingway's "A _____ Feast"
18. Tedious
19. Collection of items
20. Park features
22. Pieces of fuel turf
23. Hone
24. What a Manx lacks
26. _____ escape
29. Inhabitants of southern Asia
33. Willow
34. Couch
35. Pol. party
36. Draw
37. Member of the electorate
38. Comet's head
39. Beverage
40. Dotted patterns, in heraldry
41. Weight unit
42. Chemical warfare weapon
44. Procession
45. Jai _____
46. Chalcedony
47. Lewis Carroll animal
50. Artless
52. Dante's gal
55. City of Crete
57. Infant garments
59. William Waldorf and John Jacob
60. Civil War vessel
61. Word of appreciation
62. Feminine suffix
63. Deep cut

Down

1. Tibetan priest
2. Atop
3. Kind of star
4. Consumed
5. Mideast language
6. Shoelace tip
7. U.S. duck
8. Seize
9. Visionary
10. Just about
11. South African iris
12. Common contraction of sorts
13. Some horses
15. Egyptian goddess or mirth
21. Verses
23. Small bird
25. Winged
26. Man without a country
27. Sotto voce
28. Versifier: Var.
29. Small sums
30. Ancient assembly
31. Rover
32. Sudden outburst
34. Sphere of activity
37. Bright star
38. Droll fellow, familiarly
40. Original Robinson Crusoe
41. Course
43. Golf star of past
44. Roadbuilders
46. Fathers
47. Go away!
48. Old auto
49. Broadway group: Abbr.
51. Culmination
52. Part of an Eastern church
53. Epochs
54. Sholem _____, novelist
56. Blockhead
58. Iron mold





THIS WILL BE MY FIRST ISSUE AS EDITOR OF the Chess Corner. It will become apparent rapidly, even to the most acute and imaginative chess scholars among us that my approach is going to be a little different.

Humor and bad taste will be my motto. To become a good chess player, one must study long hours under the tutelage of a master. Not! One must first become his or her own person and refuse to buy into the rubbish that you have to be an arrogant intellectual giant of some kind to be a good chess player. If you are willing to follow a few procedural guidelines you will become better. With practice and patience over a long period of time, you will become a reasonably acceptable chess player. Like anything else in life, you usually get what you pay for. One thing you must remember beyond all else: Cheat whenever you can!

To commence, here are my ten chess commandments:

1. Never knowingly play anyone who may be able to beat you.
2. Before the game actually starts, always have a plan in your mind's eye for what you are going to do during a game.
3. At the beginning of a game, pawns should be moved two spaces instead of one if at all possible; this will help to develop your bishops and knights.
4. Avoid having your knights pinned either to your queen or your king.
5. Never play anyone under 5'7" tall or

Basic Notation

[illegible]

By going over each of this month's problems you will get a feel for the system.

big breasted women or anyone over the age of 55.

6. Early on in the game try to occupy or control the four squares (d4, d5, e4, and e5) in the center of the board.
7. Castle early in the game: within 6 or 7 moves if you are playing black, within 9 or 10 moves if you are playing white.
8. Whenever possible develop all your major pieces early in the game without moving the same piece twice.
9. Be flexible; know when to change your mind and when to retreat.
- 9(a). Never make a move at random just because you can't think of anything else to do.
- 9(b). Never trade a piece without getting some kind of explicit advantage for doing so.
- 9(c). After you are positive of the move you want to make, always look one last time at the board before you make your move, making sure you are not missing anything—like being checkmated.
- 9(d). The player who is one move ahead is usually the player who has won the game.
- 9(e). Always play a strong defense, always play an aggressive and fluid offense. If the game is lost, resign. The worst thing for your confidence and your game as a whole is to play out a lost game.
10. Brag about your wins, lie about your losses.

The following positions are from abroad.

1. Savon-Ree, Sinaia 1965
1. Bd5+! cxd5 2. Qxd5+Qf7 3. Qg5+Ng7
4. Nf5. Black resigns.
2. Gill-Dubosz, Corr. 1973
1... Qc6! [1... Qd5? 2. Ng5+!hg5 3.
Oh5+Draw] 2. Oxe5 Bb7 3. Re1 Kh8 4.

Continued on page 35

The *Easy* c/w solution

T	A	R	T			R	U	T	H			M	A	N
I	S	A	R			A	G	R	A			A	C	E
A	S	T	I		T	C	H	I	N	T		I	M	E
			A	C	H	E					D	I	N	E
D	E	F	O	E			R	O	L	E				
E	D	I	T			P	O	W	E	R		F	U	L
A	G	A				C	A	L	L	S			O	R
D	E	S	P	O	I	L	S				C	O	G	S
						U	R	N	S			R	A	T
A	M	A	S	S					A	I	L	S		
G	A	T	H	E	R	S	N	O	M	O	S	S		
E	G	O				T	O	O	K			E	R	I
S	I	P				S	E	T	H			D	E	N

The *Hard* c/w solution

L	U	N	A		H	A	S		N	U	B	I	A	N
A	P	O	T	H	E	G	M		A	T	A	X	I	A
M	O	V	E	A	B	L	E		B	O	R	I	N	G
A	N	A		T	R	E	E	S		P	E	A	T	S
			W	H	E	T		T	A	I	L			
N	A	R	R	O	W		M	A	L	A	Y	A	N	S
O	S	I	E	R		D	I	V	A	N		G	O	P
L	I	M	N		V	O	T	E	R		C	O	M	A
A	D	E		S	E	M	E	S		C	A	R	A	T
N	E	R	V	E	G	A	S		P	A	R	A	D	E
			A	L	A	I		S	A	R	D			
S	N	A	R	K		N	A	I	V	E		B	E	A
C	A	N	D	I	A		C	R	E	E	P	E	R	S
A	S	T	O	R	S		M	E	R	R	I	M	A	C
T	H	A	N	K	S		E	S	S		G	A	S	H



ANSWERS

TRIVIA MANIA

MOVIES LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

108. The Last Picture Show
109. Invasion of the Body Snatchers
110. Juarez
111. The King and I
 Bonus Question: Rex Harrison
112. Orson Welles
113. How To Succeed in Business Without
 Really Trying
114. Hud
115. I Dood It
116. I Want to Live
117. High Sierra
118. Holiday Inn
119. Houdini
120. Houseboat
121. The Heartbreak Kid
122. Heidi
123. Hello Dolly
124. High Noon
125. The Great Escape
126. The Great Waldo Pepper
127. Gunfight at the O.K. Corral
128. The Guns of Navarone
129. Girl Friday
130. The Glen Miller Story
131. The Gold Rush
132. Golden Earrings
133. Goodbye Columbus
134. Marie Antoinette
135. Georgy Girl
136. The Girl Can't Help It
137. For Heaven's Sake
138. For Whom the Bell Tolls

RED EXODUS

Continued from page 5

reservation at White Rocks, Utah. Mosisco, a Ute Chief is at the head of the band. Engleston, a Sioux renegade, and Red Cap, who is said to have driven a barrel stave through the head of old man Meeker at the Meeker Massacre, and Red Jacket Jane, the squaw who gave the Indian the alarm when the soldiers came, are also with the party. The three latter are troublemakers, and hate all whites. The Indians have little or no money or provisions. Occasionally they sell a pony and with the proceeds buy flour and ammunition. All are well armed.

Agent Hall of White Rocks Agency, has been following the redskins ever since they entered Wyoming two weeks ago, but they have reportedly refused to return to their reservation. Tonight agent Hall wired the department for instructions and in all probability troops will be hurried to Douglass from the Crow Creek maneuver camp.

Ranchmen and townspeople in the vicinity of Douglass are arming and a conflict appears to be inevitable. Should an outbreak occur the Indians could massacre many settlers before troops could reach the scene, although there are 1000 infantry, 1200 cavalry, and 800 artillery in the Crow Creek camp, 130 miles away.

Captain C.G. Hall, Ute agent who followed them to Wyoming, was instructed time and again to try to induce the Indians to return to their reservation with no effect. On August 25, 1906, B.B. Brooks, governor of Wyoming, telegraphed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, asking the government to remove the Indians from his state. The commissioner replied:

"As long as they [the Indians] are peaceable and do not threaten hostility it does not seem that the Federal Government would be justified in interfering with them. Moral suasion has been used with little apparent effect in inducing them to return to their homes. It would therefore seem at present that the case is one for the local authorities rather than for this department."

On September 17 the governor protested again through F.W. Mondell, Wyoming Congressman, and the commissioner in desperation sent Inspector James McLaughlin to Casper to attempt to reason with the Utes.

He convinced forty-five of the group to return to Utah, and one hundred of the most aggressive said they would go on to the Big Horn Mountains to settle. The rest were

bound for Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

But Governor Brooks did not relent in his petitions to the federal government, and at last the War Department sent two detachments of the Tenth Cavalry under Major-General Greely. The commissioner in his annual reports for the year stated: "The purpose of employing so large a military force was to overawe them and persuade them to return quietly to their homes as the alternative of being disarmed and compelled to do so."

As the troops took to the field, newspapers began publishing wild rumors. The agent at Crow, Montana, reported that "the Utes had burned ranch buildings, shot and killed a prominent citizen, raided the cattle of the settlers, etc." In truth the Utes were very peaceful in their journey. No whites were attacked or killed, and losses to cattle and sheep were extremely small.

When the forces of the United States Army converged upon the Utes, they realized the hopelessness of their situation. After a parley with the military, they accepted the escort of the troops to Fort Meade, South Dakota.

The elation of their success at reaching the Sioux nation was short-lived. Not only were the Sioux unwilling to enter into an alliance, but they told the Utes they were not going to share their hunting lands with them. The Sioux had finished their campaigns against the United States Army and were facing difficult times.

The Utes' former agent in Utah was sent by President Theodore Roosevelt to help find a suitable place for them. Captain Carter D. Johnson found surplus pasture land on the Cheyenne River Sioux Reservation and negotiated a rental agreement with local members of the Sioux Nation to put the Utes there. Here the Utes sat for some months in idleness.

Now the government began to put economic pressure on the Utes. First they cut off rations. The Honorable Francis E. Leupp, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs stated:

"But it was no part of the President's purpose, as was explained to the Utes at the time, and has been repeatedly since, to let them live there in idleness; if they wished a change of climate and surroundings, he was willing to give them a chance to do as they pleased in these respects, but he did insist that they should, like all other citizens, of every race and color, pay for their own support . . . The Utes were first of all offered an opportunity to work at high

wages . . . on the Sante Fe Railroad. They protested that it was a long distance off and they did not want to go so far; moreover, they had a herd of ponies, and they did not know what to do with those. It was suggested that they should do as white people would under the same circumstances—sell the ponies and use the money for the betterment of their own condition. That did not suit them at all. . . .

"Well, I am sorry to say that I fear this bodes ill for relations of the government and these Utes. I think that later this fall they will be given once more the opportunity of choosing between going to work and doing the other thing . . . going hungry. . . . They must either work or go hungry. . . . It is possible, as they have carried their arms with them, that they will rise in revolt; if they do, that revolt will be suppressed, and, if necessary, with an iron hand. . . . It was not the government's fault that they took the course they did in order to get a place where they could live in idleness and eat the bread of charity. If they persist in that course they will be made to understand what the word 'must' means."

When the economic pressure became acute in the fall of 1907, Captain Hall went to their camp and told them that the last limit of leniency had been reached. They became resistant and belligerent but were restrained by the arrival of two troops of cavalry.

After some fifteen months of their sojourn, some of the Utes came to the conclusion that their situation was untenable. At last a council was held and even the most militant felt that there was no other recourse than to return. Federal agencies quickly found \$9920 to help them, and the government had new wagons and harnesses shipped to Rapid City, South Dakota. There they provided horses and mules for dray and rations to sustain them on their return journey. The Utes were escorted by Major Carter P. Johnson and ten soldiers from the Tenth Cavalry. It was a journey of more than 1000 miles but was made in 101 days.

Following is the report filed by the *Vernal Express* on October 16, 1908.

The longest distance traveled any one day was 35 miles. Many days the cavalcade did not move at all. The trip was not without its exciting features and death was in the midst. Wherever there is life, death is trying to enter in and he never fails. Three Indians died, it is said from consumption. That is the disease which is

carrying most of the redmen off today. While they were housed and kept in confinement in the barracks 12b North, over 40 died, but as soon as they were again given outdoor life they became healthy. This wandering outdoor life agrees with their nature, there were but few accidents. . . .

They have learned to make some quick remarks and witty answers to many questions. One old buck was standing alongside of his wickiup while the squaw was baking bread. To the question as to what his name was he replied that he was too poor to have a name. . . . As a rule the Indians all appear to be healthy and in good spirits and glad to get back, although they say they are poor. Capt. Johnson believes in feeding them well and getting them good natured, which he claims will civilize them and bring them into the white man's ways quicker than cutting down rations and saying 'work or starve.' He takes the stand that a hungry Indian is usually a sullen, mean Indian. He makes them get busy, however, and do all the work around camp. . . . The wagons and harnesses will be given to the Utes."

So, they were back. Nothing was achieved, unless it was a demonstration of their frustration and desire to be free. The reservation life brought only continued misery for them. In 1909 the Strawberry Valley Reclamation Project authorized 56,000 acres appropriated from the Indians by "right of eminent domain." In 1931 the ration system was stopped, and in 1934, under the Taylor Grazing Act, 429,000 acres were withdrawn from the Uncompahgre Reservation and placed in the public domain.

Then, in the late thirties, the Utes learned to "fight fire with fire," and meet the white man on his own terms. By this time they had educated some of their people to be lawyers, doctors, and politicians. In 1938, the Utes adopted the Wheeler-Howard Reorganization Act and incorporated themselves as a tribe, and established a Tribal Business Committee. The following year the Utes of

Colorado and Utah brought suits against the government for payment on 4,404,000 acres of land, including the territory embraced within the rich Rangely Oil Field. In 1945, 236,000 acres not claimed by homesteaders was returned to the Utes. In 1947, they won the Judgement Fund which awarded the Utes of Colorado and Utah \$32 million. In 1948, the Utes regained the lands claimed from them by the Taylor Grazing Act, and the next year their first oil royalties were awarded. Today the Utes are a very progressive people.

When I last visited old Colorow in 1956, there were a total of 6,961 persons identifying themselves as Indians in the State of Utah; only 1834 being Utes—not much more than double the number who fled the reservation in 1906. They are still beset with many problems, among them alcoholism and high rates of infant mortality. The reasons remain the same as they were in 1906, when some of them fled

the reservation seeking the old way of life.

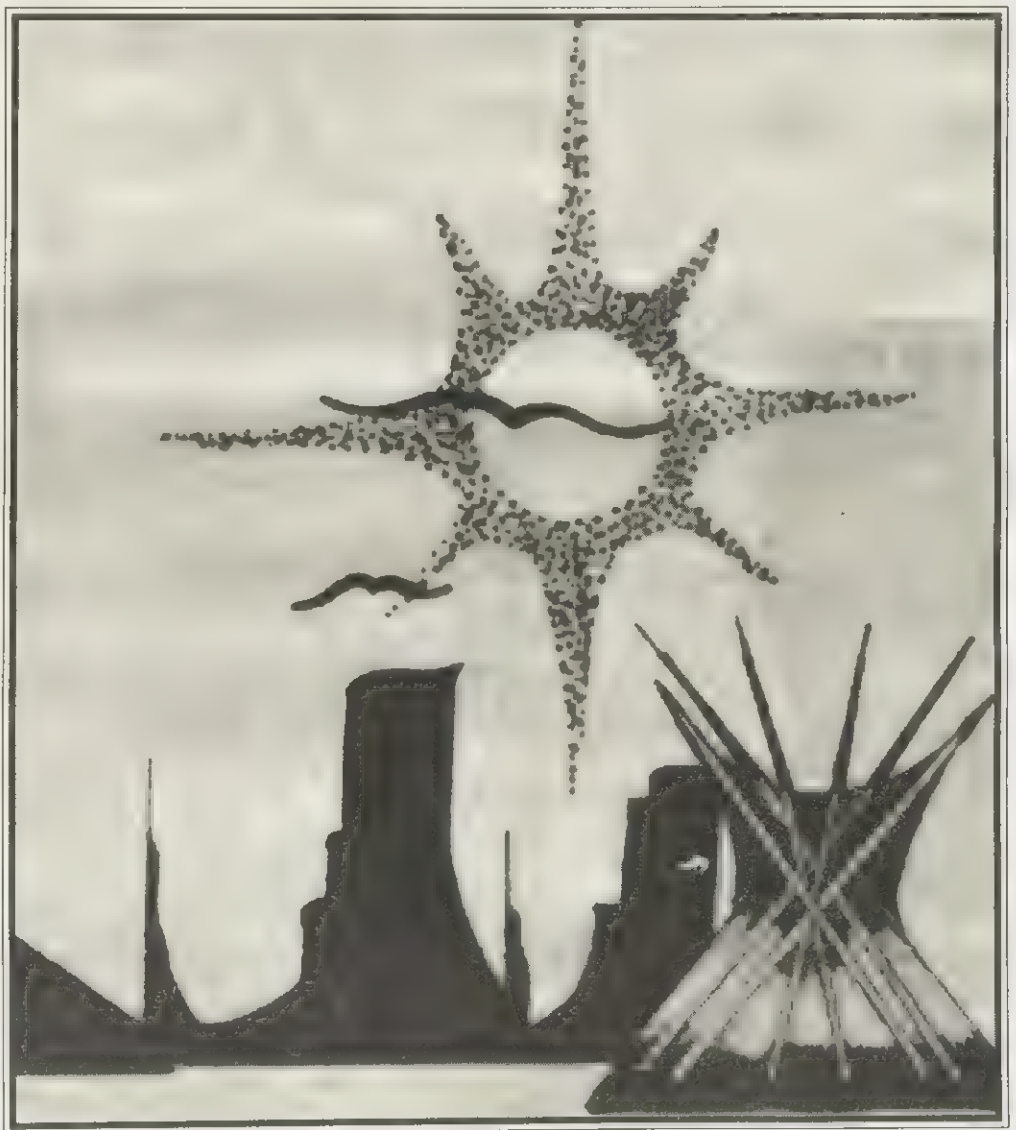
Old Colorow, who was ninety-five the year he died, sat in front of his wickiup, facing the high Uintah Mountains, where once he had lived and hunted in perfect freedom. He reminisced about the day the renegades returned to the reservation. Red Cap rode forlornly by Colorow's wickiup that sad day in 1908.

"You are home," Colorow stated matter-of-factly.

"No," replied Red Cap. "I am only back. I have no home, for I am an Indian."

Sources:

World of Wakara, Conway B. Sonne, Naylor Company, San Antonio, 1962.
History of Indian Depredations in Utah, Peter Gottfredson, Salt Lake City, 1910.
U.S. Statutes at Large, 38 Congress, Session II, Chap. 45, feb. 23, 1865
The Utes, A Forgotten People, Wilson



Rockwell, Denver, 1956.

"The Bloody End of Meeker's Utopia,"
Marshall sprague, *American Heritage*, VIII,
No. 6 (Oct. 1957)

Report of James McLaughlin, typewritten,
from shorthand notes, 1905-copy on file at
the Uintah and Ouray Agency, Fort
Duchesne, Utah.

Vernal Express newspaper, May 26, 1906;
Aug. 26, 1906; Sept. 1, 1906; Oct. 16, 1908.

"An Anguished Odyssey: The Flight of the
Utes 1906-1908," Floyd A. O'Neil, *Utah
Historical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXVI, No. 4,
Fall 1968.

Interviews; Edward Boren; Wilson Johnson
(Indian); Colorow (Indian); Was (Indian);
Will Searle

LOVE IS A PARALLAX

Roy D. J. Dreddy

Perspective betrays with its dichotomy:
Train tracks always meet, not here, but only
In the impossible mind's eye;
Horizons beat a retreat as we embark
On sophist seas to overtake that mark
Where wave pretends to drench real sky.

Well then, if we agree, it is not odd
That one man's devil is another's god,
Or that the solar spectrum is
A multitude of shaded grays; suspense
On the quicksands of ambivalence
Is our life's whole nemesis.

So we could rave on, darling, you and I,
Until the stars tick out a lullaby
About each cosmic pro and con;
Nothing changes, for all the blazing of
Our drastic jargon, but clock hands that
move
Implacably from twelve to one.

We raise our arguments like setting ducks
To knock them down with logic or with luck
And contradict ourselves for fun;
The waitress holds our coasts and we put on
The raw wind like a scarf; love is a fawn
Who insists his playmates run.

Now you, my intellectual leprechaun,
Would leave me swallow the entire sun
Like an enormous oyster, down
The ocean in one gulp: You say a mark
Of comet hara-kiri through the dark
Should inflame the sleeping town.

So kiss: The drunks upon the curb and dames
In dubious doorways forget their Monday
names,
Caper with candles in their heads;
The leaves applaud, and Santa Claus fled in
Scattering candy from a Zeppelin,
Playing his prodigal charades.

The moon leans down to look; the tilting fish
In the rare river wink and laugh; we lavish
Blessing right and left and cry
Hello, and then hello again in deaf
Churchyard ears until the starlit stiff
Graves all carol in reply.

Now kiss again: till our strict father leans
To call for curtain on our thousand scenes;
Brazen pink harlequins and sing
In gay ventriloquy from wing to wing
While footlights flare and houselights dim.

Tell now, we taunt, where black and white
begins

And separate the flutes from violins:
The algebra of absolutes
Explodes in a kaleidoscope of shapes
That jar, while each polemic jackanapes
Joins his enemies recruits.

The paradox is that "The play's the thing";
Though prim donna pouts and critic stings,
There burns through the line of words,
The cultivated act, a fierce brief fusion
Which dreamers call real, and realists, illusion:
An insight like the flight of birds:

Arrows that lacerate the sky, while knowing
The secret of their ecstasy's in going;
Some day, moving, one will drop,
And, dropping, die, to trace a wound that heals
Only to reopen as flesh congeals:
Cycling phoenix never stops.

So we shall walk barefoot on walnut shells
Of withered worlds, and stamp out puny hells
And heavens till the spirits squeak
Surrender: To build our bed as high as Jack's
Bold beanstalk; lie and love till sharp scythe
hacks
Away our rationed days and weeks.

Then let the blue tent topple, stars rain down,
And God or void appall us till we drown
In our own tears: Today we start
To pay the piper with each breath, yet love
Knows not of death nor calculus above
The simple sum of heart plus heart.

FAMILY HISTORY

Continued from page 12

John returned to America and took up the
life he had been forced to leave. He built
homes and earned a reputation for
excellence. In fact some of the work he did
in the mid 1600s is still in use today.

The line from Deacon John to my great-
grandfather is filled with the names of men
and women who have made a positive
difference in the settling of the West. Names
like Reed Smoot, Jacob Hamblin, Dudley
Leavitt, and others—pioneers, church
leaders, and government officials—have
created a noble heritage for me.

As I sat at the computers in the Family
History Center, I was absolutely fascinated
by what the records showed about those
whose name and genes I bore. I found
names I had heard in history classes from
Roosevelt Junior High School to the
University of Utah. Names like Thomas
Dudley, colonial Governor of
Massachusetts, and Filo Farnsworth, whose
work with television made it possible for
my son to have a Nintendo. Even though I
was in prison, I was having fun.

Since those days in early January, I have
found more than twelve thousand names of
people who did their begetting until I was
begot. I tied into the royal lines and now
link into hundreds of thousands of
individuals whose names, dates, and lives
literally create the pages of civilized history.
I have studied many of their lives and have
found that, they too were imperfect. They
had their ups and downs—their virtues and
their vices. I wasn't the blackest of sheep in
my family. There were some who were
even darker, but even they had strong
characteristics that I am proud to inherit.

Perhaps the most rewarding moment of
my participation came during a recent visit
with my eleven year old son. I've always
been a little embarrassed about having
family members visit here—especially my
kids. But I spent this particular day telling
Benny about my research. I had just linked
up with a whole list of famous knights,
dukes, duchesses and other royals. He was
so excited; I couldn't believe how much he
wanted to know about his ancestors. He
listened eagerly as I told him about ancestors
who rode horses and fought Indians. He
hung on every word I told him about Deacon
John. The stories of his family were more
exciting than anything he could see at the
movies. These were real people who did
real things. His eyes were filled with pride.
I was proud of the heritage that we shared.

I was grateful that he could be identified with a family that had such noble blood. He was no longer a son of a prisoner, but the son of a family with dignity and honor. He was a vital link in an important living chain. Now I have Jess, a new grandson, who represents the beginning of a new generation of Leavitts.

Family history is more than just charts of names and dates. It is a record of people who have lived and whose lives are an important part of the record of mankind. What these people did with their lives helped pave the way for the life that we live. How you and I choose to live is part of the legacy that will continue the path to our children and the generations that follow.

In 1989 a few inmates decided it would be interesting to have a Sunday school class on genealogy. Some had done a little research on the outside, but for most it would be a leap into the unknown. Six brothers of the two-tone blues started pursuing family history as members of the new class. LDS volunteer Don Hampton taught the class and helped the inmates with the initial steps of personal family research. The participants would spend the class time filling sheets and charts, and then Brother Hampton would take the finished forms downtown to the LDS Genealogical Library, complete them and then return them. That system worked well until the class size grew.

Within a few months the six had grown to twenty-three. The work load on Don Hampton became too great, and so in July 1990 the prison okayed a phase four library to be set up at the Wasatch chapel. That library included four microfilm readers, two fiche film readers, and a film reader/copier—all donated by the LDS church as part of a special data gathering program called *name extraction*. In the name extraction program, microfilms of 1880 bank records, census data, and other public records are viewed on the readers and the information extracted and entered into a new data base. This data base provides an expanded resource for family search information.

Blaine Nelson, who was one of the original six, became the volunteer clerk. The program changed from a Sunday school class to scheduled activity. In January 91, with forty-four inmate participants, arrangements were made and the first search computer was added to the library. This made it possible for the inmates, now called

patrons, to do research here. In September 91 a phase four library was established in the Oquirrh Chapel. An additional four readers, two fiche readers, a copier, and a donated computer greatly increased the research opportunities. In December 91 LDS church officials visited the two libraries and were impressed with the quantity and quality of work being done by the patrons.

In June 1992 the prison acknowledged the tremendous growth and productivity of the family history program and approved it as a Life Skills program. Inmate volunteers now became paid employees. Since that time more than eight hundred patrons have participated in the program. That makes the Family History/Life Skills program the largest active program in the institution. And it all started from six inmates interested in finding their ancestral roots.

When I started my personal research I was timid. I knew nothing. I had no idea how to begin. I began at the Oquirrh center, but my experience has been shared with patrons from Oquirrh, Wasatch, and SSD. While it is true that the civilian volunteers are from the LDS church it was the two-blues workers who made the difference.

By the vapid stare on my dial, Roy O'Connor observed that I was lost. He led me on a quick tour of the facility and explained what was what, where it was, what it did, and how I was supposed to use it. At each stop I nodded as though I was actually understanding. He closed the tour with a cheery, "If you need any help, don't hesitate to ask. I'd rather have you ask questions than stand in the middle of the hall and plug up traffic."

My first stop was at the fiche file. There I found the names and relationships of literally thousands of ancestors from all over the world. The hours sped away and my first session was over. The research had been easy. I was able to find ancestors who lived and died before the Revolutionary War. I was part of a chain that went something like this: Craig Leavitt, Donnell E. Leavitt, my father, Archie E. Leavitt, my grandfather, Lyman E. Leavitt, his father, Lyman U. Leavitt, his father, John Leavitt, his dad, Jeremiah Leavitt, his father, Nathaniel Leavitt, his father, who was in the colonies at the time the Constitution was ratified and participated as a musket toter in the fight for independence. This was incredible stuff!

I was first in line when the man in the glass cage yelled out, "Family History!" At that session Mike Thornock showed me the miraculous capabilities of the search computer. Taking the information I had gleaned from the fiche file the week before, he was able to bring up my family clear back to the tenth century. My pedigree chart was beginning to expand like a system of intertwining roots. This is where I found my ties to royalty. I started working with Oliver Gerrish to fill in some of the gaps. I found that several of my ancestral lines met in early England at the throne of the Plantagenets. From them the ties went to Louis of France, Pedro of Castille, and Ludwig of the Holy Roman Empire. I found dozens of sir knights, ten popes, and countless dukes, duchesses, counts, countesses, earls, and whatever their wives are called sitting in the branches of my family tree.

Then came the quintessential experience. One morning, with the help of Oliver Gerrish, I saw a direct blood line from me at the USP to Adam in the Garden of Eden. There was Adam and there was me, with a direct line of begetting fathers and sons and families linking us in a grand family chain. Right behind me were my sons, Benjamin and Brian, and my little grandson, Jess. There were two links past mine and they were part of this marvelous chain. I made a copy of my pedigree and made a Book of Remembrance for each of my kids, showing them at the head of their own line. Hold me down! I was starting to float in the euphoric atmosphere of fulfillment. I had a great heritage to pass on to my offspring. My sons were no longer the sons of an inmate, they were the sons of a proud and noble family who had made a difference in the historical course of the world.

I have been anxiously engaged in family history ever since. Patrons here at Wasatch and SSD are experiencing the same thing. Craig Abbot runs a tight ship at the Wasatch Center, as does Roy O'Connor over at the Oquirrh; their chief objective is to help patrons find their families.

I asked Blaine Nelson how it felt to be part of a program that has grown from six interested inmates to more than eight hundred participants, with hundreds currently carrying on in the program. He said it felt good, but not because of any work that he has done administratively. He has had satisfaction from seeing patrons change from isolated islands of selfishness

to family centered men. Craig Abbot said that he has seen lines of communication opened between families who have been disgusted with the criminal behavior of their sons and have literally disowned them. "It has been good to see letters answered where communication has previously been cut off," he said.

One patron shared this story. "Thus far," he said, "I have been in prison over eight years. When I first arrived at the prison, I was consumed in hatred and self pity. I was intensely angry at everybody for my being in prison. During my first two years in prison, I was confined in a six by eight foot cell, lighted by a small forty watt bulb. I was in this cell twenty-three hours a day, every day for two years! This added to my feelings of lack of self worth and personal self pity.

"My father's attorney sent me a letter at the request of my father it told, 'Your father requests that you never attempt to contact him again at any time by any means. You no longer have a home to return to. You no longer are his son. You have been disinherited. He no longer desires to hear from you for any reason.

"The letter was signed by the attorney, not my father.

"Then my attitudes began to change. I had been moved to another area of the prison and became involved in the Family History program.

"In Family History, I learned about my ancestors and the trials they had in life. I realized my father had data related to our family history and that I needed this data. . . . I sent a letter to Dad, explaining that I was in the Family History program and requested that data which he had. After a brief passage of time, he responded with all the missing data and accepted me back into his family."

In preparing this article I had the privilege of interviewing Blaine Nelson, inmate coordinator, Roy O'Connor, Oquirrh coordinator, Craig Abbott, Wasatch/SSD coordinator, Mike Thornock, assistant coordinator, and Oliver Gerrish, executive secretary of the Family History Center. Without exception each said that the part of the job they enjoyed most was helping the patrons. "Service is the key," said Blaine Nelson, "Selfishness is the basis of criminal behavior; service is the basis of changing your perspective on life."

The common thread is: Everyone is greater in substance and character than the events that brought them here. Identifying the order of life and the positive influence

that flows through the veins of heritage will demonstrate the powerful potential inherent in the individual to rise above those events.

All of the patrons I interviewed shared the thought that they were the rotten apple in their family. Each described the embarrassment they felt for the shame they had brought upon their wife, kids, and extended family.

I thought about the analogy of the rotten apple. Indeed, it is no honor having a husband, father, uncle, son, or brother in prison. But, as all two-tones know, crimes are only a chapter, not the whole story of life. In each of the rotten apples are good seeds that have been passed along and the ancestral chain is meant to be continued. An apple, even the ones with a few bruises, scrapes, and spoiled spots, don't fall far from the tree. Every number in the USP is a good number. Each comes from a tree that is filled with all kinds of apples. The Family History program provides a means for discovering the tree and identifying the positive seeds that are there to be nurtured and help change a prison number into a name befitting a noble heritage.

There are those here who think Family History is just for Mormons. Though the volunteers are LDS, and the equipment and materials are the result of church support, more than half of the patrons are non-LDS. The volunteers are specifically called to assist only in the family search and name extraction work. They are marvelous people whose only desire is to offer service to the patrons. More than five thousand man hours are logged in the two centers each month. The USP centers are

the fourth largest microfilm ordering and reading libraries in the world. There is too much work to do to sit around arguing about religion. Craig Abbott, a certified historian from the great state of Georgia, is quick to note that, as a non-mormon, he appreciates the church support, but family history is not an LDS exclusive. "When you're from the South," he said, "you have not only an interest in your heritage, but an obligation—a duty—to carry it on. No matter what you've done, you're taught to be proud of who and what you are, because of your family."

The Family History Centers at both Wasatch and Oquirrh chapels are well equipped and staffed to help any inmate become a research expert. These centers are some of the most active in the entire world, and you will never have a better opportunity to find your roots than right here at Draper Tech. The inmate workers are highly skilled and are available to provide all the assistance you need to find your family and learn your history. Take a little time to drop into one of the centers and take a look around. Any of the workers will be glad to give you a quick tour. You might even take a little longer and have one of the staff help you look up a fiche or punch up a few names on the computer. You may find some of your own just waiting to be discovered in the vast resources of the Southpoint Family History Centers.

*They drew a circle that left me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But, love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle to let them in.*

—Edwin Markham



SHOULD WE LEGALIZE DRUGS?

Continued from page 15

that we could end the war on drugs and keep addicts off the streets by making drugs available only in minimum-security prison pharmacies. Addicts would voluntarily check into these prisons, which could be thought of as Betty Ford Clinics for the poor. Since addicts do crimes to get drugs, not drugs to commit crimes, violence, burglaries, and robberies would dramatically decrease.

A far-fetched scenario? Perhaps, but it is a positive approach, one that Americans and their legislators must emulate before the police state gets out of hand.

Richard J. Dennis, in his "The Economics of Legalizing Drugs," (November, 1990, *The Atlantic Monthly*) says, "Drug illegality has the same effect as a regressive tax: Its chief aim is to save relatively wealthy potential users of drugs like marijuana and cocaine from self-destruction, at tremendous cost to the residents of inner cities. For this reason alone, people interested in policies that help America's poor should embrace drug legalization. It would dethrone drug dealers in the ghettos and release inner-city residents from their status as hostages."

"Once the drug war is considered in rational terms, the solution becomes obvious: declare peace. Legalize the stuff. Tax it and regulate its distribution, as liquor is now taxed and regulated. Educate those who will listen. Help those who need help."

The followers of Carrie Nation to the contrary notwithstanding, most Americans believe adults, without bringing harm to others, should be allowed to choose whether to drink alcohol or not. This is not an attitude generated exclusively by Prohibition's failure, but by an American's natural resistance to government intrusion into their private habits. As publicity increases about tobacco's harmful effects, smoking rates go down, proof that we have not lost our reason entirely, that we can be taught, that we can forgo instant gratification. Keep in mind that tobacco claims one hundred times more victims than cocaine, and is an industry subsidized by the federal government—an unamusing, contradictory juxtaposition!

Legalization would not disrupt the Latin American economies of Columbia, Peru, and Bolivia. Since legal would replace illegal suppliers, demand for their mind-altering crops would remain for the time being. It would, however, disrupt the

economies of their drug lords and the corruption that flows in their wake. It would make unnecessary the presence of U.S. troops and weapons to interdict an industry in place long before our latter twentieth century drug problems. Qualified doctors and hospitals pay about \$30 an ounce for cocaine—much higher than the cost of sugar cubes, but substantially lower than a substance that has sold for as high as \$2800. Doesn't this look a lot like one hundred times the normal price? Does it make sense to send our national treasure to South America for something that, if legalized, we could buy from petty cash? How many homeless could we house? How many of the uninsured millions could we treat with the savings? Can we think of a better way to spend the \$100 billion we spend on drugs worth one hundred times less if legal? The \$10 billion that the states spend enforcing the drug laws? Or the \$10,000,000,000 the federal government similarly expends?

CHESS CORNER

Continued from page 29

Qg3 Re8. White resigns.

3. Ujtumen—Savon, Krakow 1964

1. Bxg6+! Kxg6 2. Rd2g2+Kf7 3. Rh7+!

Nxh7 4. Qh5+Kf6 5. Qg6 mate.

4. Baun—O. Tahl, Leipzig 1975

1....Rb4! 2. axb4 Qc4+ 3. Kd2 Qd3+ 4. Kc1 Qb1+ 5. Kd2 Qxb2. White resigns.

5. Gutman-Holmov, USSR 1975

1. Rxe7! Bxe7 2. Nxg6+! fxc6 3. Qxg6 Ne5 4. Bh6+! Black resigns [4....Rxb6 5. Qg8 mate]

6. Cerkasov—Hohlou, USSR 1979

1....Nxe4! 2. Bxe4 Nxd4!! 3. Rf4 [3. Bxb7 Qxg8. Black wins] Nf5 [3....Qxh3 ? 4. Bx67 Rb8 5. Rh4. White wins.] 4. Qf3 Nxg3+! White resigns.

7. Jandemirou—Sorokin, USSR 1976

1. Nxa7! Rc7 2. Nxc6! Rxc6 3. a7Ra8 4. Qb8Qc8 5. Qxa8 Qxa8 6. Bxc6 Qxc6 7. a8. Black resigns.

8. End-Podgae, Harrachoui 1967

1....Rxb2!! 2. Qxb2 [2. Rxb2 Qci. Black wins] Bxd4+ 3. Kf1 Qe3 4. Qc2 Bxh3+. White resigns.

9. Halomeev—Isakou, USSR 1947

1. h4! Rb4+ 2. Kxe5 Rxh4 3. f4! Rxf4 4. Rxg7+ Kxg7 5. Rxg5+. Black resigns.

10. Lisicyn—Bastrikon, USSR 1955

1....Rxg2+! 2. Kxg2 Qe2+ 3. Kg3 Qg4+ 4. Kf2 Rd2+. White resigns.

11. Atkinson—Price, Engalnd 1929

1. Rxe6! Qxe6 2. Ng5 Qg6 3. Rxh7+! Qh7 4. Nf7 mate.

October 1993

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

November 1993

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		Election Day				
	1	2	3	4	5	6
				Veteran's Day		
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
				Thanksgiving Day		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

Madazine

